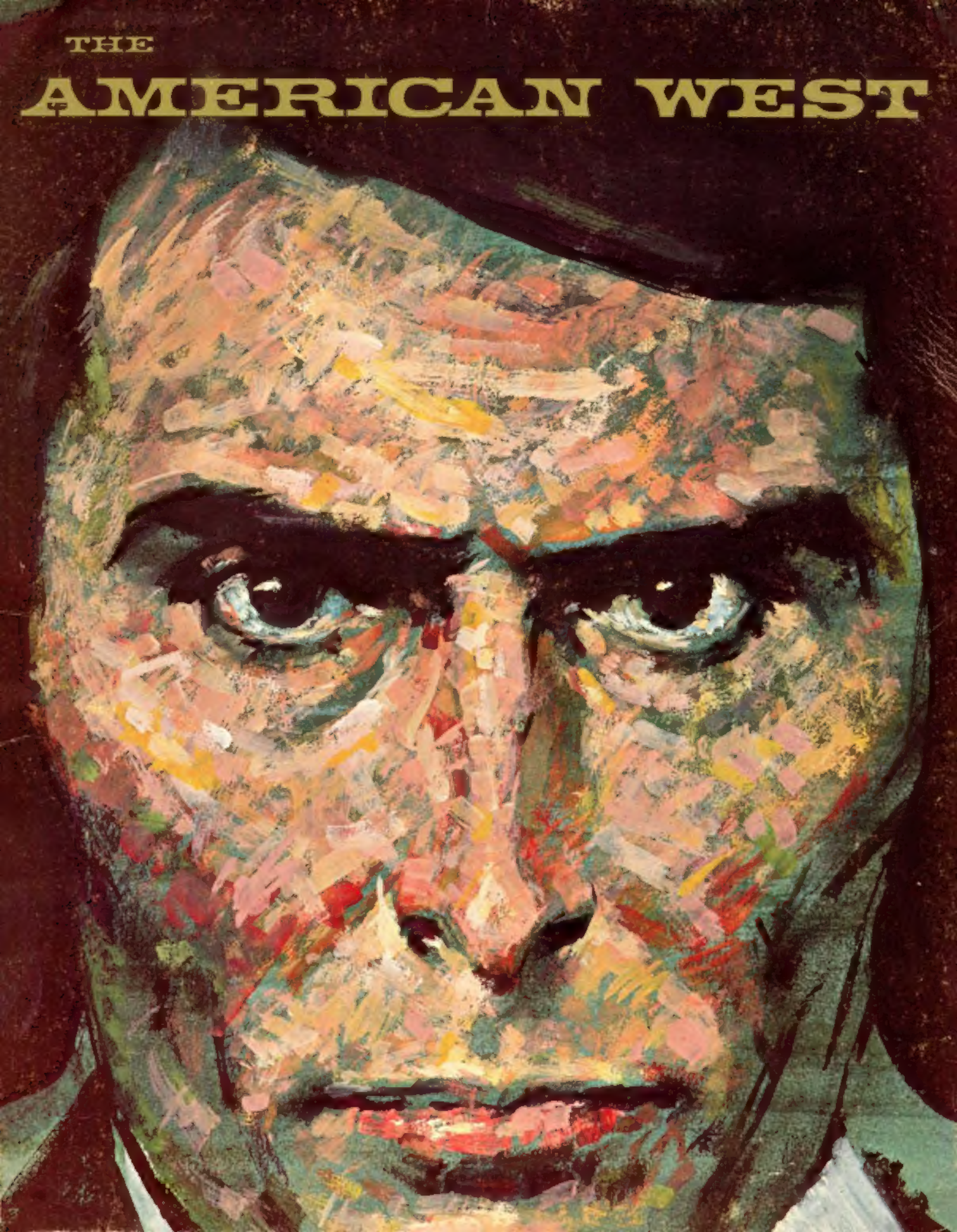
THE AMERICAN WEST



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THE

AMERICAN WEST

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THE AMERICAN WEST

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PHOTO BY PHILIP SULTZ

JAMES BOWIE

Bowie was a legend—a gaudy legend of gaudy violence—long before he died

Just when J. Frank Dobie became interested in James Bowie will remain unknown, but the fact is that the flamboyant southwesterner intrigued Dobie for a good bit of his adult life. Some years ago Dobie gathered his file on Bowie in an article for a solid historical journal, but publication failed to dull his fascination. He continued to research Bowie in odd moments and to write occasional pieces about this early Texas big dealer in his Sunday column published by several Texas newspapers. The result was that when Dobie was approached to write a chapter on Jim Bowie for the projected *Heroes of Texas*, he was both receptive and ready. Dobie turned in his essay in mid-summer 1964, corrected—and edited—the proof in early September, but died before the book appeared in late November. This article was Dobie's last publication, and regardless of what his literary executors may find in his files, it will remain the last formal publication that he saw through the press. The excerpt here, taken from the chapter in the book, is edited only in the sense of being reduced to fit available space in THE AMERICAN WEST. Those interested in the fully annotated version should consult *Heroes of Texas*, © Texian Press, 1964, Waco, Texas. JOE B. FRANTZ

BY J. FRANK DOBIE

James Bowie had the flavor, the mettle, the daring in gesture and deed, and the generosity of spirit that make certain actors on the stage of life go beyond themselves into other selves and thus do more and say more than they actually said or did. People used to name their children, their horses, their oxen, their hounds after Bowie. That is fame. Bowie's impact on human imagination, which is to say on social history, was far stronger than on political or military history. His name is kept green on three counts, each enlarged by legend. He is remembered for the knife bearing his name: before he died and then on for decades he was in popular belief the supreme knife wielder of the old Southwest. He is remembered for a search, actually futile, for the Lost San Saba Mine that transmuted it into the Lost Bowie Mine, which still lures men on. Finally, his name remains indelibly linked with the fall of the Alamo. Three other names are so linked, but more—many more—stories sprang up on how Bowie died than on the ends made by Travis, Crockett, and Bonham combined.

Born in Logan County, Kentucky, in 1796, of strong-bodied, strong-minded upper class stock, James Bowie was the eighth of ten children, four of whom died young. His father, Rezin Bowie, a Highland Scot by descent, was a planter. His mother, of keen intellect, piety, and a fair education, read to her children. They were married in Georgia in 1782, moved to Tennessee, where they lived six or seven years, and then to Kentucky; they tarried in the province of Missouri two years before settling down in Rapides Parish, Louisiana, in 1802. Here turbulent men were made more turbulent by the confusion of land claims immediately following the Louisiana Purchase. In defending his land against a gang of squatters, Rezin Bowie killed one of them. He was arrested, charged with manslaughter, and jailed. Mrs. Bowie, accompanied by a slave, rode on horseback to the jail, demanded entrance, entered, and in a few minutes came out with her husband, each armed with a brace of pistols. While the jailer retreated, they rode away. Years later when Mrs. Bowie was told that her son had been killed by Mexicans in the Alamo, she calmly remarked, "I'll wager no wounds were found in his back."

At eighteen Jim Bowie cleared a small tract of land for himself on Bayou Boeuf, in Rapides Parish. He may have farmed a little, but his chief income was from lumber that he sawed and barged down to New Orleans. At this time he was making a name for himself as a roper and tamer of wild horses, as a rider of alligators, and as a hunter of wild cattle and other game. Land was going up. He sold his and was briefly associated with James Long's filibustering expedition into Texas.

In August 1936, I visited E. A. McIlhenny, of Avery Island, Louisiana. He had written an informing book on alligators (1935), relating many personal experiences. He conserved bird life, manufactured tobasco sauce, and was a fantastic character. I asked him what he thought of the claim that Jim Bowie rode alligators. He replied: "I don't see why he shouldn't have ridden them. I used to ride them. The trick was to get on one's back, at the same time grasping his upper jaw firmly while gouging thumbs into his eyes. He couldn't see to do much and the leverage on his jaw would keep him from ducking under the water with the rider."

According to a footnote by De Quincey—prince of footnote-makers—in *The English Mail-Coach*, Charles Waterton (1782-1865), naturalist and author of *Wanderings in South America*, "publicly mounted and rode in top-boots a savage old crocodile, that was restive and very impertinent, but all to no purpose. The crocodile jibbed and tried to kick, but vainly. He was no more able to throw the squire than Sinbad was to throw the old scoundrel who used his back without paying for it."

While Long's expedition was operating in and out of Texas, 1819, Jim Bowie and his brothers, Rezin P. and John J., went to buying Africans from the pirate Jean Lafitte on Galveston Island at a dollar a pound, $140 per head on the average, and smuggling them into Louisiana. On one drive through the woods of East Texas a number of blacks escaped while Jim Bowie slept and were captured by the Comanches. He followed them west to the Colorado River without recovering them. The Louisiana law gave any informer on smuggled slaves half of what they brought at public auction. The Bowies would inform on themselves and then at the sale by customs officers buy the blacks they had delivered, in effect paying only half price. Subsequently their title was legal and

they were free to sell the slaves anywhere. The average price on the Mississippi was $1,000 per slave.

If—a very iffy if—Jim Bowie excelled in knife-throwing and juggling as well as in knife-wielding, he must have reached his climax at this period of operations. Knife-juggling was mainly a tent-show stunt. J. O. Dyer, who habitually made slight distinction between romance and history, said that "Big Jim" Bowie in conveying smuggled slaves armed himself with three or four knives so that he could transfix any captive who tried to break away. Jerking a knife out was quicker than reloading a horse pistol at the muzzle. Both Jim and and Rezin P., Dyer said, could keep several knives moving in the air at the same time without allowing one to touch the ground. "At twenty paces either could send a knife clean through a small wooden target."

According to John J. Bowie, he and his brothers cleared $65,000 on slave-smuggling—"and soon spent all our earnings." The losses were not immediate. James and Rezin P., markedly devoted to each other, invested in Louisiana lands and developed, among other enterprises, a fine plantation named Arcadia on Bayou Lafourche, installing the first steam plant for grinding sugar cane in that part of the country. Rezin P., later elected three times to the Louisiana legislature, managed the business. Jim never settled down anywhere, but for several years spent much of his time in New Orleans, where he got high enough in society to capture the imagination of Edwin Forrest, then rising on the American stage, and to have his portrait painted—not, as descendants of the Bowie family claimed, by Benjamin West, who died in London in 1820 without having been in America for many years.

John J. Bowie shifted his operations to Arkansas and Mississippi. He named his Arkansas plantation Bowie, and in time went to the Arkansas legislature. About 1826 James joined him in what looked like a bonanza. This business entails a tedious explanation. By 1820 the federal courts had confirmed nearly all legitimate land titles over the vast Louisiana Territory. Then such a horde of claimants began clamoring for recognition of titles in Arkansas that Congress authorized the Superior Courts of the territories to settle new claims. In December 1827, the Superior Court of Arkansas was confronted with 131 claims by individuals who had purchased them from John J. Bowie, James Bowie, or some other speculator. Most of the claims, each for 400 arpents of land (less than 500 acres), were based on alleged grants to one Bernardo Sampayreac by the Spanish governor of Louisiana in 1789. The United States District Attorney saw fraud and asked for time in which to go deeper into the Spanish language, laws, and records. The court was bullied into confirming the claims.

Within a few weeks John J. Bowie had prepared twenty-four more grants of the kind, and then "with other parties" thirty more, and was selling them like hot cakes. Whether James was one of the "parties" is not known. The Attorney-General in Washington was outraged at the Arkansas decision and demanded a review of the cases. On February 7, 1831, the Superior Court of Arkansas Territory reversed its decrees. It had clear proof that witnesses for the claimants in the first trial had been bribed, that Sampeyreac was a fictitious name, that the grants were forgeries, and that sales by the Bowies and other speculators were fraudulent. On appeal of a type case, the Supreme Court of the United States, in 1833, confirmed the opinion of fraud and forgery. Not an acre of ground had actually been conveyed to any "innocent" purchaser from the Bowies and fellow operators in Spanish grants. Meantime James Bowie had G.T.T. (Gone to Texas) and was passing as a rich man.

Beating the government out of land was not at this time—and later—regarded as more felonious than getting around it on income taxes came later to be. Selling a forged title might be something else, but plenty of the buyers were collusive. In 1836 Rezin P. Bowie went to Havana, Cuba, and purchased—on credit—from the widow of the last surveyor-general of Louisiana under the Spanish government a large quantity of land titles and other documents. He tried, without success, to peddle them out; after his death, in 1841, the widow retrieved what papers had not been taken off.

Several years before the land cases were settled by court, Bowie had an experience that gave him more prominence than any other of his life except that of dying. For years he made Alexandria, on Red River, business headquarters. One of the times while he was pressed for money, he learned that Norris Wright, sheriff of Rapides Parish and director in the bank from which Bowie borrowed, had thwarted a loan for which he was asking. There was already bad blood between the two over political differences. Many prominent citizens of the Old South were in constant ferment over politics—most of the not-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE BARTELL

prominent ones not voting. One day when Wright and Bowie met on the street, Wright fired a pistol at him, but the bullet was checked by a silver dollar in Bowie's vest pocket. Bowie's pistol snapped and he would have killed Wright with his hands if men had not withheld him. The two parted expecting to meet another day.

That day was September 19, 1827. The place was a sandbar, a kind of peninsula noted as a dueling place, on the west bank of the Mississippi River across from Natchez. Bowie was one of four seconds, plus a surgeon, on the side of a principal in a duel. There were six men, likewise including a surgeon, on the other side. Bowie had told his brother Rezin of the trouble with Norris Wright and of his pistol's snapping, whereupon Rezin had given him a knife made by his blacksmith, saying, "Here, Jim, take old Bowie. She never snaps."

The sandbar duel turned into a general fight in which two men were killed and two badly wounded. Bowie had emptied his pistol and was down, shot in four places and cut in five. Norris Wright had emptied two dueling pistols. Without taking time to reload, he rushed against Bowie with a cane sword. Bowie, a ball in one hip, rose to standing position and stabbed the knife into his enemy, "twisting it to cut his heart strings."

The fame of the Bowie knife was made, and thenceforth for many years Bowie's reputation spread—out of proportion to established facts—as a knife man. The testimony of a singular individual, Gideon Lincecum (1793-1874), of Georgia, Mississippi, Texas and Mexico, summarizes many opinions. The father of thirteen children, Lincecum often went on expeditions in the wilderness or lived there in solitude. He learned to read during five months in a country school and became an habitual reader of medical and scientific books. He considered herbal lore learned from a Choctaw medicine man of more medical value than what he learned from books and practicing doctors. For years as a professional he prescribed for the sick. A fiddle was often his chosen associate. He supplied entomological collections, accompanied by observations on the specimens, to Darwin and other scientists. He was skeptical of both doctors and preachers. He was the grandson of Miriam Bowie, great aunt of James Bowie. A skeptic of genealogical pretensions also, he characterized James Bowie as "the celebrated desperado who originated the Bowie Knife."

Bowie knife duels became obsolete in the nineteenth century. With a few exceptions, the lethal use of any knife is now confined to the criminal element. As any practice among men goes out of existence, it ceases to generate tales. The saga of the Bowie knife, I might add, is complemented by the tradition of fights by gauchos of the pampas, in dark rooms and elsewhere, with the *facon* (long knife).

Yet something in the undying fame of Jim Bowie

keeps the tradition of his knife alive. Knife collectors probably add to the vitality of the tradition. Not so numerous as gun collectors and seldom paying such high prices for specimens, they are increasingly active. They buy not only alleged original Bowie knives but contemporarily made duplicates.

When Bowie, aged thirty-two, came to Texas in 1828, he found that reputation of his knife had preceded him. He stood six feet tall and was all muscle. He was pleasing in looks, speech and manner to both men and women, though it is said that he seldom smiled. Letters and other writings by him and Rezin P. Bowie are in clear, sinewy English. After he had been in Texas a while, he spoke Spanish as well as French. He was not a ruffian, though he could be rough. He comprehended the cut-throats and gamblers of Natchez-under-the-hill while he dined in patrician houses on the hill or sat in the New Orleans theater. He was at home with bellowing alligators in the marshes, with mustangs and mustangers on the prairies, and with lawyers who "would circumvent God." In Texas he fought Indians and Mexicans. He moved as a well-bred gentleman in the best society of New Orleans, Natchez, San Antonio, and Saltillo. He was convivial and loved music. He was impetuous and, concomitantly, generous. He was ambitious and scheming, but seems to have been more eager in the game of gaining than for gain itself. He played cards for money, and considering the facts, especially the debts, of his plunging career, one must deduce that he at times lost heavily.

Unlike most emigrants from the States, Bowie rode past the Texan settlements along the Brazos River until he reached San Antonio—in "the Spanish country." In June he was baptized into the Roman Catholic church. His sponsors were Don Juan Martin de Veramendi and Doña María Josefa Navarro de Veramendi, who had united by their marriage the chief families of Spanish Texas and were the parents of lovely Ursula. Don Juan Martín was about to become vice-governor of Texas. Bowie looked upon Ursula, looked over the land situation, and looked for leads to Spanish silver. He rode back east, but early in 1830 was in Texas again.

On February 13 he applied at Nacogdoches, as a single man, for one-fourth league of land on Galveston Island, stating that he had 109 "dependents" (interpreted as slaves). This could hardly have been a fact. He did not wait long enough to learn that the land he applied for had already been granted. He rode on to San Antonio and then, in company with Governor Veramendi and family, down into Mexico. On September 30, the Coahuila and Texas legislature at Saltillo passed an act making him a Mexican citizen, with the understanding that he would finance a textile mill to be built in Saltillo. Full citizenship gave him the right to buy up to eleven leagues of public land—at from $100 to $250 per league—a right withheld from colonists. A league contains 4,428.4 acres. According to Samuel M. Williams, who was for years Austin's trusted secretary but who turned land speculator himself, Bowie returned to Texas with titles—or options on titles—for fifteen or sixteen eleven-league grants that he had induced Mexican citizens to apply for and turn over to him. No researcher has found in the General Land Office of Texas records of transfer of these lands by Bowie. Some of the options, worthless, were in Bowie's papers when they were inventoried the year after he died.

On April 22, 1831, preliminary to marriage, Bowie signed at San Antonio a dowry contract, in the nature of a bond, drawn up as tight as Spanish legalism could make it. Herein he bound himself to pay to his wife within two years after marriage $15,000 either in money or property to that value. In guarantee of his ability to pay he made a manifest of his chief assets as follows: 60,000 arpents (roughly acres) of land in Arkansas valued at $30,000; 15,000 arpents of land in Louisiana valued at $75,000; notes payable at Natchez, Mississippi, $97,800; in the hands of Angus McNeill (who will appear later) for the purchase of textile machinery in Boston, $20,000, making a total of $222,800—besides "various chattels, lands and contracts entered into in this country which for the present cannot be valued. This was a vast fortune for anybody in Texas at the time. In his manifest Bowie failed to mention that titles to land he claimed in Arkansas were forged and that notes on fraudulent sales are not collectible.

On April 25, James Bowie and María Ursula de Veramendi were married in San Fernando Church at San Antonio, where record of the marriage is preserved. She was nineteen and he was thirty-five, though he gave his age as thirty. As a married man he received a headright league, and seems to have received a certificate for a *labor* (177 acres) that was not patented until long after his death.

Following the marriage he made a note to Ursula's

grandmother for $750, borrowed $1,879 from his father-in-law, and took his bride on a honeymoon trip to New Orleans and Natchez. In November he and Rezin P. Bowie, with seven other Americans and two servants, set out from San Antonio for the fabled Spanish mine on the San Saba River. The expedition was halted only a few miles from the abandoned San Saba Mission by perhaps the most desperate Indian fight recorded in Texas history. Each of the Bowie brothers wrote an account of it, Rezin's much the more detailed and vivid. Each implied in his narrative that he was leader.

One hundred and sixty-four Tawakoni, Waco, and Caddo warriors surrounded the Bowie men, who had camped for defense in a thicket near water. A number of the Indians had rifles. At one time grass fires they started drove the Americans to such desperation that they resolved to huddle back to back, fire their last shots and then "fight with knives as long as a single man was left alive." But they came through the fire and used knives and sticks to dig up dirt to add to rocks for fortification. After thirteen hours of siege, there were about forty dead and thirty wounded Indians, against one dead and three wounded white men.

Back in San Antonio, James Bowie was "granted permission" to raise an expedition against the Tawakoni Indians. He estimated that they had two thousand horses worth capturing. A rumor spread that the object of the expedition was to "further the views of speculators in mines." A hot advertisement against the rumor was published. If the expedition was made, notice of it has eluded this searcher.

Bowie kept on riding, riding, riding, among the Indians, against the Indians, down into Mexico, across the settled parts of Texas, back into Louisiana, up into Mississippi. He and Ursula lived with her parents in the Veramendi house, now called the Governor's Palace. Here, as witnesses in a lawsuit over the league of land on the Navidad River testified a third of a century later, Bowie was "treated as a son and furnished with money and supplies without limit," while, "without regular occupation," he hunted for "mines and mountains of gold or silver." When he made trips east, he lived "like a man who had plenty of money. It was furnished by Governor Veramendi."

He was on an extended trip east when, between September 5 and 8, 1833, his wife, their two infants, her father and her mother all died from cholera, at Monclova, where the Veramendis had a summer home. Bowie was not aware of the catastrophe when he executed his will at Natchez, on October 21 following. In it he designated as his sole heirs Rezin P. Bowie and their sister Martha Bowie Sterrett and her husband Alexander B. Sterrett; his wife, he explained, had already been provided for. He stipulated that $4,000 be restored to a friend who had advanced him that amount of money to invest in lands and $1,000 more to another friend who

had secured a loan to him for that amount. He must have believed or hoped—with him somewhat synonymous—that his land deals would pay off, for he stipulated that a niece and nephew be educated out of the proceeds of his estate. He was lying ill at the home of Angus McNeill in Mississippi when word of the deaths in his family reached him. The deaths made, "in the ascending order," Ursula's grandmother, a Navarro, inheritor of the whole Veramendi estate. She died in 1837, leaving other Navarros to inherit and to make claims against the Bowie estate

The sentimental have it that after the death of his wife and babies Bowie ceased to joy in life and that grief drove him into being "dead drunk" at San Felipe de Austin while a provisional government for Texas was being formulated, and to prolonged drunkenness with his partisans at San Antonio, where he turned all military prisoners loose and banged the doors of the town calaboose open. He had never been a total abstainer. Whatever his feelings—and there can be no doubt that he suffered grief—he was on the go as usual in 1834; now in New Orleans, now at San Antonio, now down in Mexico. He sided with the Monclova faction against the Saltillo faction in a struggle for supremacy in the state government and "did everything in his power to bring on a battle." What interest he had in the textile mill at Saltillo is unknown; whatever it was, he lost it. Claiming property "placed in the hands of his late wife," Bowie gave Oliver Jones, representative in the Coahuila and Texas legislature, power-of-attorney to recover it from the Veramendi estate. There is no evidence that Oliver Jones recovered anything. This, as Americans who have done business in Mexico know, does not prove there was nothing to recover. Relations between Bowie and relatives of his dead wife seem to have remained cordial.

As the chasm between Texas and Mexico widened, Mexicans increasingly looked upon the public lands of Texas as almost valueless. The Coahuila *politicos* in 1834 and 1835 granted away, illegally, millions of acres of Texas lands for a song, antagonizing responsible Texans. John T. Mason, representing a New York syndicate and also representing himself, acquired titles in 1834 to 300 leagues and in 1835 to 1,100 leagues—more than 6,250,000 acres. He was a pompous, polite, canting land shark, but was by no means alone among the grabbing North Americans.

Early in 1835 the Coahuila and Texas government made Santiago (James) Bowie special land commissioner to issue titles on the Mason grants. With grand flourish and rubric he signatured away, mostly in the month of

September, titles to eleven-league tracts of lands aggregating toward half a million acres. The trades were on slim margins and he could not have collected much money.

One of the first acts of the provisional government of Texas was to nullify titles to the Mason and other grants of land acquired "under suspicious circumstances." The Texas Constitution, adopted on March 17, 1836, declared "each and every grant" made to John T. Mason "null and void from the beginning."

Bowie's speculations in Texas lands were more ineffectual than dishonest. Many men grabbed and gained more successfully. As a minor illustration, before Sam Houston arrived in Texas late in 1832, he was engaged in extensive speculations, which, however, lacked titles, in Texas lands. With "my word as my only capital," he received the usual titles to land accorded to colonists. The responsibility of office made him a powerful bulwark, to use his own words, "against the cupidity and avarice of land claimants." After Texas cut off from Mexico and had unhampered disposition of her vast public domain, she continued for years to dispose of land with a prodigality that ignored the limitations of state boundaries and the history of population-spreading.

Bowie's fidelity to the Texas colonists in their uprising against Mexico remains clear and unquestioned. Austin, of refined integrity and unflagging devotion to the people for whom he felt responsible, but unfitted for military command, opposed Bowie as an adventurer out for personal gain. Primitive-fibered Houston valued him as a leader of "promptitude and manliness" and rated him above other subordinates in "forecast, prudence and valor." The Provisional Council of Texas came to be opposed to Governor Henry Smith and he to them. On January 12, 1836, a committee of the council ruled that Bowie was not "an officer of the government nor army."

While his rank as colonel in the Texas army may not be well documented, he had in 1830 been elected colonel of a band of Texas rangers and during the following five years had as commander of volunteers engaged in numerous skirmishes with hostile Indians. He was constantly referred to as colonel. General Houston gave orders to him as Colonel Bowie. After taking part in ejecting the Mexican army under General Cós from San Antonio in December of 1835, he went back east but returned on January 19, with thirty men, all volunteers. Lieutenant-Colonel Neill was in command. Bowie brought orders from General Sam Houston for them to demolish the Alamo and abandon it, but on February 2, 1836, he wrote: "Colonel Neill and myself have come to the solemn resolution that we will rather die in these ditches than give it up to the enemy."

On February 3, Travis, with the commission of lieutenant colonel, arrived with about thirty men, "all regulars but four." A few days later Crockett arrived with twelve other Tennesseans. When Neill left San Antonio on February 17, he turned over his command to Travis. Bowie, aged forty, the best-known fighting man in Texas, did not consider himself outranked by the twenty-six-year-old Travis. The volunteers elected Bowie as their commander. He was such a leader by nature that he needed no official rank to command. No officer or private wore a military uniform, anyhow. For a brief period of dissension Bowie and Travis shared command. Travis, according to one report, withdrew his regulars and camped for a day or two on the Medina River, to the south; according to another report, he merely threatened to withdraw. Bowie is credited with having persuaded various Mexican citizens in San Antonio to side with the Texans. Through Mexicans he was receiving information on the approach of Santa Anna's army.

In an official report written on February 13, Travis said, "Bowie has been roaring drunk all the time ... interfering with private property, releasing prisoners sentenced by court martial and by the civil court and turning everything topsy turvy." But order was restored. On February 24, the day after Santa Anna arrived, a severe illness, variously described as tuberculosis, pneumonia, typhoid fever, typhoid-pneumonia, and "a disease of a peculiar nature," put Bowie on his cot, helpless, leaving Travis in sole command. The cot was in a room in the Long Barracks, rock-walled, just north of the main mission-fort. Near the end of the seige, according to credible testimony, Bowie was carried on his cot into a small room opening into what had been the chapel more than half a century back.

He had two pistols. For him not to have had his knife would be unthinkable. In *Colonel Crockett's Exploits and Adventures in Texas,* a farrago of undetermined authorship that rings true to Crockett only in spots, is this passage:

"I found Colonel Bowie in the fortress, a man celebrated for having been in more desperate personal conflicts than any other in the country.... He gave me a

friendly welcome and appeared to be mightily pleased that I had arrived safe. While we were conversing, he had occasion to draw his famous knife to cut a strap, and I wish I may be shot if the bare sight of it wasn't enough to give a man of squeamish stomach the colic, especially before breakfast. He saw I was admiring it and said, 'Colonel, you might tickle a fellow's ribs a long time with this little instrument before you'd make him laugh.'"

Nobody knows how Bowie died, though many have said. After one hundred and eighty-odd Texans had withstood the siege of five thousand Mexicans for twelve days and nights, the final assault on Sunday morning, March 6, 1836, left not one alive to report a single detail. They had killed and wounded six hundred, perhaps up to fifteen hundred, Mexicans. A few women, cut off by walls from the climactic carnage, were left alive to tell varying anecdotes, especially in their dotage. It would have been in character for the dying Bowie to refuse, as he is said to have refused, the ministrations of women lest they contract his disease. He, like Travis, had a slave "boy," who presumably came out of the Alamo alive. Joe, who belonged to Travis, was officially interviewed, but not one word has come down from Bowie's Sam.

Soon after the Alamo fell, the alcalde of San Antonio, who had remained neutral, entered the fortress; he said that Bowie was found "dead in his bed" in a side-room. Walter Worthington Bowie, in his history of the Bowie family, says that he died delirious on his cot "about three o'clock in the morning," only a short time before the predawn attack. Sam Houston believed that he was murdered in bed. In 1838 Dr. John Sutherland saw on a wall, so he said, near the spot where Bowie's cot had been, marks made by the splattering of his brains. Dr. Sutherland had it from Travis' slave boy and Mrs. Dickinson both that several balls went through Bowie's head while he lay "unable to lift it from his pillow." A Mexican officer wrote that he died "like a woman almost hidden under a mattress." A fifer in Santa Anna's band told W. P. Zuber, according to Zuber, that while soldiers were gathering the bodies of the slain for burning, four brought Bowie, still alive, on his cot to their captain, who reviled him as a traitor to his country and his dead wife. Bowie retorted, "in excellent Castilian," with such acidity that the captain ordered four soldiers to spreadeagle him and a fifth to cut out his tongue. Then he had him cast alive on the raging fire. A niece and adopted daughter of the Veramendis who had taken refuge in the Alamo told Mrs. Samuel Maverick only two years after its fall that she saw Mexican soldiers enter Bowie's room, to which she and other women had fled, bayonet him and carry him, still breathing, upon their bayonets into the plaza. Another report is that Bowie, unable to rise and fight, shot himself.

It is generally believed that he died with Bowie knife in hand, still on the cot but sitting up, back braced against the wall at his head, victims of his valor and prowess strewn around him. It used to be claimed that at the last minute he rallied enough to stand up and meet with demoniacal fury the Mexicans coming into his room. One specifier has it that he killed two with his pistols and managed to knife into the vitals of three more before he was overwhelmed. Imagination and patriotic sympathy rebel at the idea of Bowie's dying except in the climax of hand-to-hand combat.

The year after Texas became a republic and some order in civil affairs was resumed, proceedings in the Bexar County probate court, at San Antonio, were initiated to liquidate the estate of James Bowie. Eugenio Navarro was appointed administrator, no doubt at his own instance, for as representative and joint inheritor of the Veramendi estate, he proposed collecting from the Bowie estate. On October 28, 1837, he submitted an itemized inventory of Bowie's personal effects, which, presumably, had remained in the Veramendi house. The list includes a dress coat of black cloth, "partly moth-eaten," another black coat "entirely moth-eaten," various other pieces of clothing, and several books, among them a Latin-Spanish dictionary, a Spanish-English grammar, an arithmetic, a work on machinery, and *The Revelation of Nature*. An axe, three saws, a machete, and a few other itemized tools were later sold at public outcry for $47.12½. The main listing in the inventory is of lease contracts on two eleven-league grants of land and power of attorney for disposing of concessions granted to several named Mexicans for a total of fifty-five leagues of land. So far as money value went, these instruments might have been lumped in with a "bundle of letters," two cases of "worthless papers" and "other papers not important enough to be inventoried." Eugenio Navarro stated that a coach in Monclova belonging to Señor James Bowie had been sold for $800 and the money credited to his account with the Veramendi business firm. Navarro, furthermore, preferred a note for $750 made by Bowie to Josefa Ruiz Navarro (Ursula's grandmother).

In June 1838, Juan N. Seguin was empowered by Rezin P. Bowie to administer the Bowie estate, but Seguin resigned two months later. Joseph L. Hood, the

next administrator, asserted that Bowie had left "debts to a considerable amount." One Thomas Gay asked the court to recognize his claim for $1,000 that Bowie owed him. In 1839 the moth-eaten coats were inventoried again. He had somehow got hold of a certificate for 640 acres of land donated by the Republic of Texas to the heirs of James Bowie. It was appraised at $50, and then sold at public outcry for $51. The court ordered the proceeds to be paid to the Veramendi estate for credit on Bowie's dowry bond, which was on file.

The San Antonio probate court perhaps knew nothing of Bowie's will; certainly it ignored official proceedings at Houston and elsewhere to the east on the Bowie estate. On November 11, 1836, Major William Oldham, styled "Administrator," petitioned the Texas Congress to pay the Bowie estate for expenditures made by Bowie in a military capacity. Early in 1837 Oldham was advertising for claims against the estate and for payments due it. There must have been dissatisfaction with his administration. In January 1839, the Texas Congress passed an act giving Reason [*sic*] P. Bowie and Alexander B. Sterrett (the executors named by James Bowie in his will) power to probate Bowie's will in Harris County, letters of executorship to be transferred to San Antonio "when the settled state of the country will permit the transaction of business in the usual way." At the same time, the Bowie petition of November 11, 1836, was withdrawn. Also, on January 29, 1839, Felix Huston ackowledged Bowie's will before a justice in Houston and on March 7 following, Edwin Morehouse added his acknowledgment of it. So far as can be ascertained by incomplete records, this will was not actually recorded until August 11, 1852, "at 9 o'clock A.M." Parish records in Louisiana might reveal something of Bowie's purported property; the Texas records indicate that his heirs received nothing beyond the lands granted his estate for services in war.

What relatives do over a dead man's body is not necessarily a judgment on him, but may be pertinent. In donating lands to veterans of the Revolution and their heirs, the Republic of Texas in 1840 and the state of Texas in 1860 donated land certificates for a total of 4,657 acres to the heirs of James Bowie. The patents were scattered over several counties. In 1890 the descendants of Rezin P. Bowie and of Martha Bowie Sterrett and her husband, the legatees designated in James Bowie's will, sued the Houston and Texas Central Railroad Co. for trying to survey out of existence 2,097 acres of land patented in Hardeman County to the heirs of James Bowie.

At this juncture Martha Bowie Burns showed up. Formerly of Mississippi, she currently lived in Dallas; she was the daughter of John J. Bowie, the star in the Arkansas land frauds. She and eight kinsmen not only joined in the suit against the railroad company but claimed to be joint heirs of James Bowie. A district judge ruled that the will had not been "properly probated." Then in a judgment confirmed by the Court of Civil Appeals, Martha Bowie Burns, *et al.*, were made joint owners of the land, and the railroad company was ousted. A total of sixteen Bowie heirs appeared in this case.

Only ten years later, in 1900, Martha Bowie Burns showed up alone, except for the company of a jackleg lawyer, claiming to be the sole survivor of all James Bowie's brothers and sisters and to be the rightful heir to the section of Bowie land that had in 1840 been sold by order of the San Jacinto probate court. It had been patented in La Salle County in 1860 and had been resold several times. The 1900 owner considered it cheaper to pay Martha Bowie Burns—and the attorney—$160 to quiet his title than to fight the case through court. The owner of a section of land away down in the brush of La Salle County would not know of the existence of all the other Bowie descendants. "Even unto the third and fourth generation."

The law suit throwing light on Bowie himself was over the headright league of land on the Navidad River. This suit, styled M. A. Veramendi, *et al.*, *vs.* W. J. Hutchins, *et al.*, was instituted in Colorado County in 1869, went to the Supreme Court of Texas in 1878, was remanded and came again to the Supreme Court in 1882.

Bowie had sold two hundred acres off the league while his wife was alive. On October 15, 1835, according to a belatedly recorded deed and bond, he sold the remainder of the league to William Richardson for $5,000. In the long-drawn-out suit over the Bowie league, the Veramendi estate claimed that the land was community property and that an undivided half of it still belonged to the heirs of Ursula de Veramendi Bowie. The land, meanwhile, had been resold to various individuals, including W. J. Hutchins. The deed from Bowie to Richardson was attacked as fraudulent. Why should anybody pay $5,000 for a tract of land hardly worth $500 at the time of the alleged sale? *continued on page 90*

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American Indians and American History

The traditional view of Indians in American history sees them as natural features of the land, rather like mountains or rivers or buffalo or troublesome, if colorful, wild varmints, affecting American history only by occasionally impeding the civilizing progress of advancing settlers.

BY WILLIAM BRANDON

The presence of the Indians in the history of western America, wrote James Bryce in 1887, has "done no more than give a touch of romance or a spice of danger to the exploration of some regions... while over the rest of the country the unhappy aborigines have slunk silently away, scarcely even complaining of the robbery of lands and the violation of plighted faith."

In the early 1920's, as he approached the close of his teaching career, Frederick Jackson Turner summed up the presence of the Indians in the history of eastern America:

Between the beginning of the 17th century, when the West lay along the Atlantic coast, and 1850 when it had crossed the Mississippi... the Indians had step by step, in successive wars, been defeated and removed... Indians had influenced white development by this retardation of advance, compelling society to organize & consolidate in order to hold the frontier,

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training it in military discipline; determining the rate of advance, particularly at the points where the mt. barriers broke down...•

The traditional view of Indians in American history sees them as natural features of the land, rather like mountains or rivers or buffalo or troublesome, if colorful, wild varmints, affecting American history only by occasionally impeding the civilizing progress of advancing settlers.

This traditional view remains overwhelmingly in evidence even though in recent years a great deal of important work has been done in local and regional Indian history, enhancing the value of basic historical contributions from earlier (and for the most part anthropological) writers such as George Bird Grinnell, J. P. Dunn, Frederick Webb Hodge, John R. Swanton, James Mooney, and others. Expert testimony of historians and anthropologists in connection with the hundreds of legal cases before the special commission for Indian claims that has been in operation since 1947 is piling up further raw material by the bale for tribal histories.

However, only a very few works have made any serious attempt to outline Indian history within the area of the entire United States or the entire continent, and any serious effect of Indians on American history in general has scarcely been considered. Several anthropological studies have been made of Indian influences on our culture, but historians have not as yet given much shrift to any notion of effective Indian participation in our history.

Most of our history, wrote Bernard DeVoto, has been treated as if it were "a function solely of white culture—in spite of the fact that till well into the nineteenth century the Indians were one of the principal determinants of historical events...." In disregard of Parkman's "great example," said DeVoto, "American historians have made shockingly little effort to understand the life, the societies, the cultures, the thinking, and the feeling of Indians, and disastrously little effort to understand how all these affected white men and their societies."

Parkman's example, though, is an example of the kind of befriending that leaves no need of enemies. His Indians are truly wild, they skulk, screech, slay with the mindless gluttony of weasels, and otherwise behave as barbarically as possible, but they hardly ever (if not never) permit themselves to be seen behaving as reasonable men. A lone camper in the forest is "...no doubt an Indian, ambushed on the bank, watching to kill some passing enemy." Or the ferocious Iroquois are on conquest bent, "yet it was not alone their homicidal fury that now impelled them to another war. Strange as it may seem, this war was in no small measure one of commercial advantage." Parkman summed up his judgement of Indians (in his Introduction to *The Jesuits in North America*): "It is obvious that the Indian mind has never seriously occupied itself with any of the higher themes of thought."

Parkman's persistent picture of the Indian as "man, wolf, and devil, all in one," has undoubtedly been of some consequence in rendering its subject historically ineffective. Painted savages who capered about in indecent clothes, ate nasty foods, and howled unintelligibly every time they came in sight, obviously could not have been of much more importance than so many grizzly bears to the course of American history.

But today we are not quite so confident of the self-evident superiority and manifest "progress" of our civilization. We are not even altogether confident as to who is savage and who is civilized. Modern anthropologists of rank, concerning themselves with the question, "What is primitive?" have found it a very tough question to answer.

A. L. Kroeber took stock of the aboriginal Australians, generally assumed to be the most primitive people available, and noted that from the point of view of a spiritual rather than a financial balance, their culture was one of the most highly integrated in the world; he concluded that this marvelous integration may have been achieved rather in proportion to their voluntary renunciation of material possessions, "say somewhat on the principle of those who have riches hardly entering into the kingdom of God. But this leads us off from the question of primitiveness into something quite else...." Franz Boas came to the conclusion that some of the more primitive people on earth, in the fullest sense of the word, might actually be found among aimless, valueless groups in our own modern civilized society: "Greater lack of cultural values than that found in the inner life of some strata of our

•*This statement is quoted from a handwritten draft for a summary of a half term's work at Harvard on the history of the West, from the Frederick Jackson Turner Papers at the Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino, California (TU File Drawer No. 13). Ray Allen Billington, who very kindly provided this quotation, dates the draft at about 1921.*

modern population is hardly found anywhere."

It may be supposed at any rate that most of the people of the New World's ancient societies certainly thought of themselves as civilized. Certainly they made a conscious effort to try to live in the right way, toward what their society regarded as right and proper objectives. It would follow that in general their behavior was a product of the nature of their society, a deliberate behavior motivated by a conscious, deliberate point of view. Such peoples should be susceptible of full-scale consideration as responsible and effective agents of history.

A number of avenues suggest themselves by which the peculiarly Indian behavior of American Indians may have influenced, directly or indirectly, the main stream of history and the development of the United States.

First and most striking is the assistance given by various Indian groups to embryonic colonies of Europeans. Massasoit and his Wampanoags were the salvation of the struggling colony of Plymouth, along with Tisquantum, who was called by Governor Bradford a "spetiall instrument sent of God for their good beyond their expectation" and by Sir Ferdinando Gorges one of "the meanes under God of putting on foote, and giving life to all our Plantations...." The Wappinger people of Manhattan "preserved" the first Dutch traders "like the apple of their eye" and gave "their Turkish beans and Turkish wheat" when the foreign invaders "sometimes had no victuals." At Jamestown Captain John Smith said of the neighboring Indians, with whom Captain Smith and his colonists had already fought, that "it pleased God (in our extremity) to move the Indians to bring us Corne, ere it was half ripe, to refresh us, when we rather expected...they would destroy us...." Such was the weakness of the colony, said tough Captain Smith, "that had not the Indians fed us, we directly had starved...." Indians taught the Jamestown people how to plant corn, and, after the strategic marriage of John Rolfe to Pocahontas, Indians taught the Englishmen how to raise tobacco. This gave the colony a cash crop and its first profit, and the appearance of the eagerly awaited profit entrained vast and enduring consequences.

Commonly, in the earliest days of exploration and colonization, first arrivals were greeted with friendliness rather than with hostility: "...being of simple faith, the natives evinced for Collomba tenderness and friendship...." reported a foreign agent at the Spanish court, sending out the first news of Columbus' discovery. Jacques Cartier landed on an island in the St. Lawrence in 1535 and "met with five men, that were hunting of wild beasts, who as freely and familiarly came to our boats without any fear, as if we had ever been brought up together...one of them took our captain in his arms, and carried him on shore...." Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, traveling alone as a sea-shell peddler among Texas coast Indians who had probably never before seen a white man, this being *circa* 1529: "With my merchandise and trade I went into the interior as far as I pleased.... Wherever I went I received fair treatment...."

Accounts of early explorers furnish almost at random such passages as, "Food was placed before them, and, as the Illinois code of courtesy enjoined, their entertainers conveyed the morsels with their own hands to the lips of these unenviable victims of their hospitality while others rubbed their feet with bear's grease..." or of the Arkansas: "I cannot tell you the civility and kindness we received from these barbarians..." or among the people of the Hasinai Confederacy: "...a tribe then powerful but long since extinct. Nothing could surpass the friendliness of the welcome..." or among the Sioux, where old men welcomed a stranger with caresses and tears. Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca also spoke of weeping in welcome: "...They have a custom when they meet, or from time to time when they visit, of remaining half an hour before they speak, weeping...."

Wrote Castañeda of the buffalo-hunting people of the plains who were to become centuries later the fearsome Apaches, met by Coronado in 1541: "They are a gentle people, not cruel, faithful in their friendship...." Said Raleigh's envoy, Captain Barlow, in 1584 of the Virginia people among whom ill-fated Roanoke was established the following year: "...most gentle, loving, faithful, void of all guile and treason, and such as live after the manner of the golden age...."

The policy of the various Indian peoples, in these first meetings between two strange worlds, was obviously a vital factor in the success of colonies and exploration. When in these first relations the Indians became sufficiently opposed to the foreigners, colonies or trading posts or missions could not as a rule survive. But since many colonies and trading posts and missions did survive and prosper, it seems probable that many Indian groups may indeed have welcomed the foreigners with more benevolence than belligerence, particularly during the crucial seasons of first meetings and first foundings.

The varying policy in this regard of the various Indian peoples could scarcely derive from any imposed factor.

Manipulation of the simple Indians by the superior Europeans has sometimes been stressed and may have been of moment now and then, but it seems unlikely that it could have often been very weighty in the earlier centuries when the balance of power and consequent occasion for initiative was extravagantly on the side of the Indians. The weightiness of this factor is sometimes questionable even in later times, as in the interesting case of Pierre Vial, a champion frontiersman sent north from Santa Fe in 1805 in the employ of Spain to stir up the Plains Indians against Lewis and Clark. Vial couldn't get his own expedition out his own front door, so to speak, being stopped by hostile Indians (apparently Pawnees) at the Arkansas River. He tried again, in vain again, while the inexperienced Lewis and Clark were successfully passing through dozens of Indian nations all the way to the Pacific.

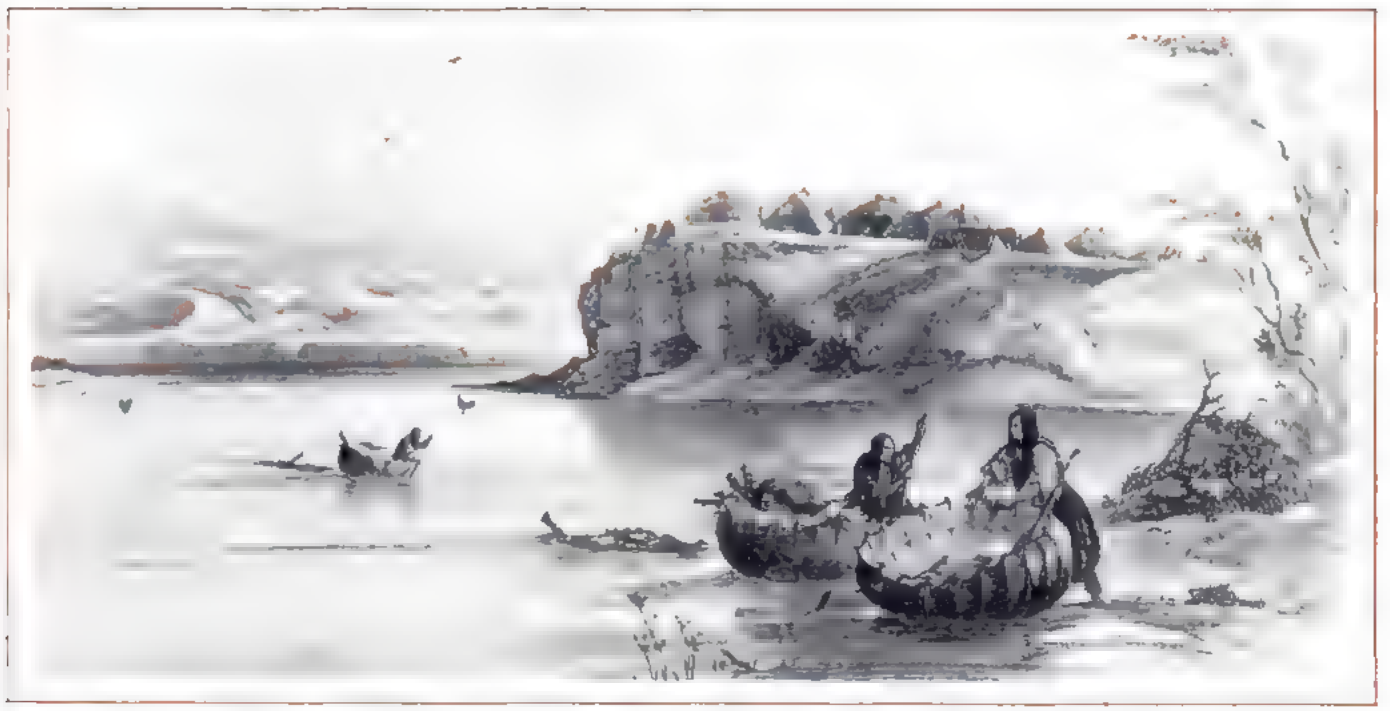
Other factors in early Indian behavior may have been, at one time or another, desire for trade or for knowledge of new things or fear of new things, domestic political conditions or relations with rival communities, the season of the year, the state of the corn crop, heavenly signs and portents, religious laws, any or all of the multifarious motives that bear on human conduct, especially on the group conduct of social and political actions. These factors and these political decisions were of import in our history and deserve thoroughgoing study, but the point is not simply this. The point is also that they all refer to one other prevailing factor that must always be considered: the underlying attitudes and ways of life of the societies making up the Indian world, the attitudes and ideas that shaped the nature of those societies and the character of their people.

If there was a tendency for Indians to welcome foreign invaders with more benevolence than otherwise, this is important. At most it might indicate that the Europeans were invading what was in a sense a higher civilization. At least it is an indication of New World character that appears to deviate considerably from more customary and familiar Old World character. The question as to how much this peculiar Indian behavior had to do with the health and growth of the nursling colonies and their later careers of conquest takes on still more significance.

Africa was invaded for centuries by the same Europeans, but colonies there remained for the most part stunted enclaves walled in by rigid frontiers. Today the majority of those colonies has vanished and Africa is largely in the hands of its natives. Is it impossible to imagine a similar history for America—if, among other changed circumstances, American Indians had behaved differently? Such a comparison of course convokes a very large cast of causes. The intention here is scarcely to claim that differences in the behavior of the natives played the sole or even a principal role in accounting for differences in the colonial histories of Africa and America. But it is the intention here to suggest that one of the identifiable roles may, on sufficient investigation, go to the peculiar character of the American Indian world.

When the Indian world was moved to resist, it could become a world most difficult to penetrate and conquer. Scattered bands of Apaches and their even more scattered allies declined to permit secure occupation of their country for more than two centuries, enduring volumes of epic warfare and several earnest attempts at extermination by Europeans allied with other Indian nations. The Jibaros of Ecuador and Peru drove out Spanish colonists in the sixteenth century and have not accepted colonization of their country yet. In the closing years of the seventeenth century French armies and allied Indians mounted repeated invasions that should have utterly smashed, but did not, the Five Nations Iroquois. In the middle years of the eighteenth century the French staged repeated full-scale campaigns against the Chickasaws and were repeatedly defeated. Some Indian conquests usually thought of as facile were, in actuality, not. The conquest of the Aztec state in Mexico required, even after the capture and death of Moctezuma, a year of desperate campaigning and embattled power diplomacy and the final bitterly fought months-long siege of Tenochtitlan, the Aztec Mexico City, surrounded by the Spaniards and their "numberless" Indian allies. The conquest of Peru required, even after the capture and death of the Inca, a long generation of tangled wars to end organized military resistance. The Spaniards were lavishly assisted in these wars by many Indian allies.

Superior European tactics and arms notwithstanding, an intact Indian nation could be a formidable opponent to overthrow by force alone, even with the help of Indian allies. Without such Indian allies, invasions by blunt force were often if not usually disastrous. Such were the first large-scale invasions of Panama, which cost hundreds of Spanish lives and ended in utter defeat until Vasco Nuñez de Balboa paved the way to victory with powerful Indian friends. In short, strictly military conquest in the New World was seldom easy, and seemed to have veritable need of Indian help to succeed at all.



Mih-tutta-hangkusch, a Mandan village. These Indians made a different adaptation to their environment than did their neighbors, the Sioux and other so-called horse and Buffalo Indians. The Mandans lived a more sedentary and agricultural life.

As opposed to the traditional view of the Indian as a savage who skulks and screeches, the Indians of Pueblo Bonito (a restoration of an ancient ruin in New Mexico) epitomize the extremely high culture of the American Southwest.

If American conquest was this difficult, and since nevertheless it was accomplished, even against ponderous numerical and logistical odds, the existence of factors other than the strictly military would seem to be implied.

Presumptive among such factors, again, would be attitudes and ideas, fears and desires, foolishness and philosophies, founded upon the peculiar character of the Indian peoples.

The customary pattern of American conquest was for the initial penetration to be made by guile, diplomacy, or in response to open Indian invitation, as has been mentioned. Once pierced or broken an Indian society, like any other, was naturally more inclined to fall to any sort of conquest. In most such conquests of whatever sort, Indians also played a part, sometimes a major part, as allies leagued with the conquerors.

Indian activity as auxiliaries of various European powers in the Europeans' wars again each other was likewise of considerable magnitude, in all the multitude of North American conflicts, great and small, through the War of 1812. Indian activity as trade allies of various colonial powers was sometimes of decisive importance in the course of colonial affairs. It is unlikely that the position of organized Indian communities in these activities was always or even usually one of vassals under the control of their white associates. Too many events testify to the independence of Indian action.

The French were as a rule extraordinarily canny and persuasive in Indian dealings ("...practice therein," urged Edmond Atkin in proposing to the British Lords of Trade his Indian policy of 1755, "the same little ingratiating Arts as the French do..."), but the catastrophic war waged against them in 1729 by the Natchez, who had been sound friends, damaged the French severely in Louisiana. At about the same time, in the Great Lakes country, the French were seriously hurt by the Fox wars. The stubborn neutrality, and sometimes hostility, of the Five Nations Iroquois was a baffling problem to the French in Canada for more than a century. French inability to solve this problem had its effect on the ultimate fate of France in North America.

Spanish traders, missionaries, colonial officials, and soldiers had more experience with Indians than all other Europeans combined, and much more ultimate success than other Europeans in altering Indian manners and ways. And yet the Spanish world was rejected by not only the aforementioned Jibaros and Apaches but also by (among many others) the highly cultured Pawnees. The destruction of the Villasur expedition in 1720 by Pawnees was a blow to Spanish dominion of the Plains country east of the Rockies. The Yumas had been sound Spanish friends, but in 1781 (the year of the founding of Los Angeles) they destroyed Spanish farms and outposts that had been established at the Yuma towns on the Colorado River, and closed the overland trail to California, thereby rendering more remote and precarious than ever the struggling new California missions and settlements. Another overland route was not established for commercial caravans until 1830. The Apalachee people of Florida were famous fighters in the sixteenth-century days of the earliest Spanish explorers, but accepted, in fact are said to have requested, Spanish missionaries in the seventeenth century. After some fifteen years the Apalachees rebelled against mission rule, defeated a Spanish force sent to subdue them, then reversed themselves "apparently through a counterrevolution in the tribe itself" and returned to the Spanish fold.

The Creeks generally refused Spanish overtures, although there were at times strong pro-Spanish factions in some of the Lower Creek towns. Together with allied Indians and, eventually, English slavers and traders from Carolina, the Creeks fought sporadically with the missionized Apalachee, and in a great raiding party of 1704, composed of fifty English volunteers and one thousand Creeks, destroyed the Apalachee missions, permanently impairing Spanish strength in the Southeast.

Creeks welcomed English colonists in Georgia and gave them every assistance; Creeks, Cherokees, Chickasaws, and some of the Choctaw towns gave alliance to the English on many occasions that was of value to the English and of pronounced effect in the history of the region. Iroquois partiality for the English at critical moments had its effect on the history of the Northeast. But Pontiac's partiality for the defeated French threw the West into a turmoil that was ultimately of heavy cost to the British and of some effect on the history of the American Revolution: William Christie MacLeod, in *The American Indian Frontier*, wrote that the

> Indian policy of the Crown did more than anything else to alienate the borderers from loyalty to the Crown, and led the frontiersmen to throw their weight on the side of sedition in the forthcoming struggle between constituted government and rebellion.... Turbulence on the border was continual from 1765 to 1775 when the torch of rebellion was lifted.

Delawares who had been dispossessed by fraudulent shenanigans betwixt Pennsylvania and the Iroquois and

land speculators became the hard core of the "French" Indians at Fort Duquesne who helped ruin Braddock in 1755. But other Delawares in Pennsylvania insisted on the risky peacemaking journey of the Moravian missionary, Christian Post, in 1758, whose success with the quondam French Indians on the Ohio was such that Fort Duquesne fell to the English without a fight. Pennsylvania's inability to carry out the terms of Indian agreements made at this time no doubt contributed a glowing coal or so to Pontiac's war, as the British government's efforts to live up to agreements forced by Pontiac's war provided some sparks for sedition.

"American" Creeks and allied Yuchis and Cherokees bore a fair share of the fighting and the casualties against anti-American "Red Stick" Creeks in the Battle of Horseshoe Bend—the victory that first brought Andrew Jackson national recognition. The determined friendliness of the Northern Shoshonis and the Nez Percés for Americans from the time of Lewis and Clark to Chief Joseph's gentlemanly war seventy years later was of moment in the settlement of the Northwest; the results of this friendliness are easier to analyze than its origins.

Examples could be added ad infinitum. Many of these Indian actions simply will not fit any interpretation of Europeans controlling the policies and decisions of the Indians with whom they associated. Nor will the infinite variety of circumstances bear out easy notions of simple primitive diplomacy—of whites controlling Indian actions at one remove merely by overawing them with shows of force or winning their favor with trinkets and trade

European tutelage in both warfare and trade is obvious in post-Columbian Indian history, but white efforts to influence Indian policies and decision cannot be reckoned the dominant factors in most such decisions any more than France or Germany can be shown to have controlled historically the policies of each other or even of such lightweight colleagues as the Swiss Confederation.

We are accustomed to thinking of the Spanish and "their" Indians, the French and "their" Indians, and so on—but Indian nations doubtless thought of "their" European colonies and "their" European business connections and military allies in much the same way, and connived and intrigued to get the support of this or that European community for their own sovereign projects—projects certainly sovereign in their own plans and intentions, at least. Sir William Johnson, England's enormously successful superintendent of Indian affairs in the northern colonies, remarked that

> ...many mistakes arise here from erroneous accounts formerly made of Indians; that they have been represented as calling themselves subjects, although the very word would have startled them had it ever been pronounced by an interpreter. They desire to be considered as allies and friends, and such we may make them at a reasonable expense and thereby occupy our outposts and carry on trade in safety until, in a few years, we shall become so formidable throughout the country as to be able to protect ourselves and abate of that charge....

Edmond Atkin, England's superintendent for Indian affairs in the southern colonies, wrote at about the same time, in the 1750's: "No people in the World understand and pursue their true National Interest, better than the Indians. ...in their publick Treaties no People on earth are more open, explicit, and Direct. Nor are they excelled by any in the observance of them." Atkin also recommends "...above all, to begin with building Forts in their hearts...after which we may build Forts wherever we please."

The shape of the Indians' own sovereign thoughts, to repeat, was drawn from the underlying attitudes and ways of life of the Indian world. These attitudes pervade Indian history. Indian attitudes toward war, for instance, naturally had a direct bearing on the outcome of various Indians wars—most Indian societies appeared to look to other matters than war as the chiefer objectives of their organization, and in the midst of war could give fighting a back seat to religious ceremonies, or, like the classic Greeks, could be swayed in their battle strategy by omens; white communities were usually organized much more effectively for sustained war. War in the Old World definition seems, on the best evidence, to have been an almost unknown concept in the untouched Indian world of North America. There is little indication of whole countries being overrun by war. The raids that were called wars usually involved only a fraction of the available fighting men and those only briefly. Utterly defeated nations were assimilated rather than annihilated. Speaking of the Indian state most highly organized for warfare of any in North America—the Aztecs—Bandelier wrote: "...a military body doing permanent duty, [was] unknown to the Mexicans...only unarmed Indians met Cortés on his entrance to Mexico...no 'guard' came to Montezuma's rescue...." Military forces based on Indian attitudes toward organization for war could not usually maintain strength in the field over a long period, thus a

clear-cut Indian victory could only come from a clear-cut knockout; a decision on points would mean a negotiated truce, at which the Indian armies would melt away home, leaving the Europeans to interpret and enforce the truce terms as they saw fit—this was quite often the upshot in Indian wars with Europeans.

Indian attitudes toward land ownership were of momentous effect on relations with Europeans. The control of specific territories by communities or families was a familiar concept to many Indian societies, but private ownership or private buying and selling of land was outside most Indians' experience. Above all, the common European ambition to own a landed personal estate as the most desired symbol of success was to most Indian people as incomprehensible as would have been ambition to own the sky. The free and easy Indian land policies that were for centuries a central issue of Indian "troubles" are related to such basic attitudes.

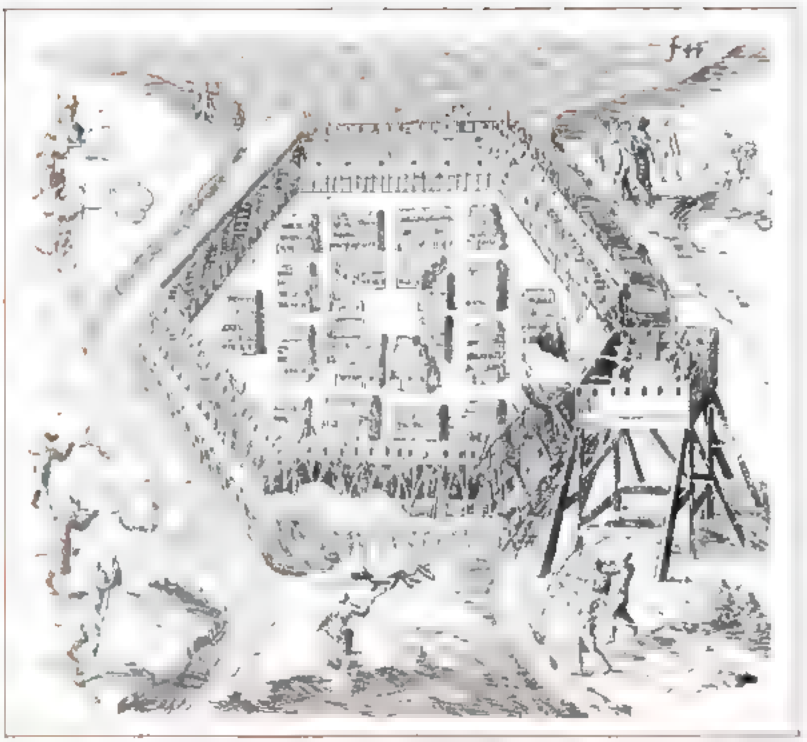
Indian influence on the movement of frontiers is another example of direct Indian participation in American historical processes. Very few if any frontiers, especially before 1800, were opened without the prior consent, if not the invitation, of at least some of the Indian peoples concerned. The Ohio River country of eastern Tennessee and parts of present West Virginia and Kentucky was largely uninhabited by the Indians, and regarded as an open domain, not under the control of any Indian nation, until shattered remnants of Delawares, Shawnees, Hurons, Kickapoos, and others drifted into the region during the eighteenth century. It is not surprising that this country became a political football for these Indian refugee groups and for powerful nations in the background such as the Six Nations (now including the Tuscaroras) Iroquois and the Cherokee. Indian political maneuvers carried out for Indian objectives were vital in opening this no man's land to white settlement—the earliest trans-Appalachian English settlement.

Once established, the white frontier became very much a force in itself, but even so continued for some time to depend rather more than less on Indian actions and decisions. The Kentucky Shawnees who were goaded into Lord Dunmore's War in 1774 were first abandoned to this fate by the Cherokee and by most of the Iroquois, an abandonment that permitted Lord Dunmore's high-handed course of action. The devious reasons behind these Indian decisions are perhaps as important to our history as Governor Dunmore's devious motives, but have received considerably less attention. The objection is customarily brought that materials are lacking for studying these or other Indian decisions, although, as mentioned earlier, new materials are appearing in ever increasing amounts. But the need at this moment seems to be less for new materials than for a more serious approach to already existent materials, and this in turn depends on Indians seeming to be acceptable as worthy of respectable historical interest. Existing materials of course include the mountainous literature of archeology and ethnology; historians who would consider Indian participation in American history as the participation of reasonable and politic peoples worthy of serious attention would presumably wish to become fluent in anthropology just as scholars of ancient history study ancient languages. At present the anthropologists are doing most of the the "rapproching," with a growing interest in historical relevance, an interest at times reaching a degree that would have been regarded as downright frivolous only a few years ago.

The progress of North American frontiers, particularly in their earlier phases, was very possibly as much the result of Indian policies and attitudes as of white policies and pressures. Direct Indian influences gradually diminished, obviously, with each passing century, although areas of some importance still appear in the nineteenth century, as witness the Shoshoni and Nez Percé.

Direct white contact was not always the agency responsible for the shattering or transformation of Indian nations in the path of the white frontiers. A major aspect of the movement of frontiers was the purely Indian shock wave running ahead of the actual white frontiers, sometimes many years and many hundreds of miles ahead. Indian groups in contact with Europeans, stimulated by revolutionizing ideas and tools and weapons, hurled themselves into conflict or revolutionizing trade with other Indian groups who may never have seen white men. The resultant disruptions affected the subsequent movement of white frontiers. The earliest frontiers did not move in response to European settlement, but as a result of the military or commercial aggressions of Indian nations who, in effect, had the bomb first—which is to say, who were in touch with Europeans. There were, in other words, two networks of frontiers, one strictly Indian, the other, often profoundly influenced by the kinetics of the first, European. The far-reaching conquests of the Iroquois and the farther reaching consequences therefrom are a familiar example of this Indian-versus-Indian frontier in operation.

A fortified Onondaga village. From a drawing by Champlain, 1615. The Onondagas were one of five nations known as the League of the Iroquois. The others were the Seneca, Cayuga, Oneida, and Mohawk. The village apparently was under siege by the French and their Indian allies.



The Creek, Tomo Chachi Mico or King of Yamacraw, and Tooanahowi, his nephew. From an engraving by John Faber after a portrait painted in 1734 by Willem Verelst, a Flemish painter. The Creeks were one of the Civilized Tribes of the southeastern United States.

Hendrick, in British officer's uniform, the great Sachem or chief of the Mohawks. His tribe was one of the Indian nations in alliance with Great Britian in the struggle with France for colonial empire in the middle of the 18th century. He was killed at the Battle of Lake George.

Further, the Indian-versus-Indian frontier is amenable to still more delicate divisions, such as the horse frontier and the gun frontier, both traveling without benefit of white companionship. The horse frontier rolled across the West from New Mexico far in advance of most white traders and sometimes as much as a century and a half in advance of tangible white frontiers, reaching the Northern Shoshonis in the 1690's or even earlier. Shoshoni horsemen were terrorizing their earthbound Blackfoot enemies by the 1730's. The gun frontier, moving from the east, reached the Great Plains at about the same time. The convulsions of these several Indian-versus-Indian frontiers sent reverberations rolling in all directions, changing in myriad ways the Indian world and thus affecting in myriad ways the setting and the course of American history.

Indian involvement in the movement of these strictly Indian frontiers could scarcely have been passive. Obviously these frontiers moved only because Indians moved them. The whys and wherefores of the Indian actions concerned in this process become therefore of importance to us.

These whys and wherefores, it is worth saying again, are matters of many complexities. There were marked differences between the attitudes and behavior of intact Indian nations, and the attitudes and behavior of scattered bands of broken nations. Very often it was the latter who represented the faceless "Indian tribes" in our frontier stereotypes—as in the conglomeration of refugees, migrants, and malcontents who made up the enemy Indians in Lord Dunmore's War, or the motley armies of displaced persons commanded by Pontiac. There were great differences also between the various Indian nations or groups, and great differences between the people of the same nation or group in different epochs.

A principal difficulty in treating Indian history seriously is its fragmentation. The task of examining each tribal group and each time-phase of each group and of conducting this investigation partly in such foreign languages as anthropology, is fearfully forbidding. The Indian reality was of an astonishing diversity, a diversity that presents a constant problem in any view of Indian generalities, no matter how wide-angle the lens. For example, there is a widespread notion that Indians never punished their children, which seems to have been true for many Indian groups—but Creeks and Aztecs, for two, were resounding exceptions; tattooing, so common among Indians as to seem nearly universal, was never practiced by the Hopi or by the Aztecs; the general impression that farming, among Indians, was woman's work is fairly sound for eastern North America, but in the Pueblos and in the great agricultural states of Mexico, men did most of the farm work; some Indians were fierce and quarrelsome, some were more gentle and peaceable than Quakers, some were taciturn, some were jolly and voluble, some were wildly emotional, some were as reserved as well-brought-up Englishmen; these are only the most glaring of many, many significant differences among the different Indian peoples. Of course it would be easier to pretend, as occasionally writers do, that all Indians were pretty much the same, Indians of the sixteenth century and Indians of the nineteenth century, Delawares and Kiowas, Karoks and Kwakiutls. American history would no doubt be easier, for that matter, if one pretended there had never been any Civil War. Indian history is far from easy. Its place in American history is not neat and simple—only necessary.

Fluctuations in the white point of view down through the centuries are also important. For a highly consequential example, Indians who had been for generations town-dwelling farmers, as were the majority of North American Indians, came to be characterized as ragglety-taggle nomads, interested only in keeping their lands as "hunting grounds," which, of course, made it easier to justify seizure of the lands.

Indirectly, the Indian world has affected the development of the United States, and the history of the rest of the post-Columbian world, in numerous ways, some of them extraordinarily interesting. The introduction into the Old World of Indian medicines, such as quinine, of farm products such as maize, white potatoes, chocolate, rubber, tomatoes, tobacco—in the total well over half of all modern agricultural products—has been assessed time and again and needs no further ventilation here. The same is true of the minor contributions of such gadgets as canoes, snowshoes, signaling systems, and the like. But there were other indirect effects of the Indian world that have not been given the attention they surely merit. One was the effect of the Indian world on the changing European soul, most easily seen in the influence of the image of the American Indian on European notions of liberty.

From the beginning, Indians were reported to be beautifully free. Peter Martyr, the first historian of the New World, rhapsodized on the absence of deceit and pestiferous money in the Indian world, the absence of laws and quarreling judges, and even the absence of clothes, and

concluded that Indians seemed to live in that golden world of which the ancients had spoken so much. This same passage appeared almost word for word in Montaigne's essay on the New World, in which he suggested the Indian world as an example of the ideal state dreamed of by Plato. The same passage then becomes Gonzalo's famous speech on the ideal commonwealth in Shakespeare's *Tempest,* written eight or nine years after the first appearance in English of Montaigne's essay. A fair proportion of travelers in the heart of America, the Indian world real before their eyes, echoed fulsome yea-saying year after year, generation after generation. These include observers of the most responsible sort, Father Charlevoix, the historian of New France, for a random example, who wrote in 1721 of the Christian Hurons of Loretto: "...Savages, but they retain nothing of their Birth and Original but what is valuable; that is to say, the Simplicity and Freedom of the first Age of the World...." Also included might be such unexpected frontier testimonials as, from Major Robert Rogers, writing in *A Concise Account of North America* of the Illinois and Missouri Indians of the 1760's: "These people of any upon earth seem blessed in this world: here is health and joy, peace and plenty: care and anxiety, ambition and the love of gold, and every uneasy passion, seem banished from this happy region...."

Armchair travels to such happy lands became a literary convention in Europe. Wrote Geoffroy Atkinson in 1920, in *The Extraordinary Voyage in French Literature before 1700,*

> Many travelers and missionaries had mentioned, even in the 16th century, the lack of private property among primitive peoples. Early writers had called attention to the generally happy condition of a primitive society founded upon equality and liberty. The cumulative force of such expressions in accounts of voyages published before 1700 would be a fascinating study.

Voltaire was by no means alone in choosing glorified Indians as heroes of plays and novels, nor was Rousseau alone in making a political symbol of the noble savage, the child of nature pure, unspoiled, and above all free. How much Rousseau's thinking had to do with the overthrow of Europe's thrones or how much the image of the American Indian had to do with Rousseau's thinking are both eminently debatable, but the debate can only be concerned with the matter of degree. Both are undeniably present as factors.

Present also was the Indian, real or trans-substantial, in other storms of egalitarianism that subsequently swept the world. Impressions of the Indian spirit were visible in the political societies of Revolutionary America that adopted Indian names and pseudo-Indian lodge-hall ritual. The most noteworthy of these was the Tammany Society, which devoted itself to the cause of popular liberty and federal union in the great post-Revolution contest as to what form the new United States should assume. Tammany was a force of some weight in this struggle.

Another face of the Indian image was observed by Montaigne, who had talked to three Indians touring Europe and learned something of the common Indian custom of dividing a community into halves, or moieties, for ritualistic or administrative purposes. The three Indians told him they had noticed that in Europe there seemed to be two moieties consisting of the rich, "full gorged" with wealth, and the poor, starving "and bare with need and povertie." The Indian tourists not only marveled at this division, but marveled that the poor endured "such an injustice, and that they took not the others by the throte, or set fire on their house...."

Columbus, returning from his first voyage, wrote of the Indians:

> Nor have I been able to learn whether they held personal property, for it seemed to me that whatever one had, they all took shares of.... They are so ingenuous and free with all they have, that no one would believe it who has not seen it; of anything that they possess, if it be asked of them, they never say no; on the contrary, they invite you to share it and show as much love as if their hearts went with it....

The negative Indian attitude toward private property and toward competition for gain was the subject of remark by countless witnesses, summed up in a concentrated understatement by Alexis de Tocqueville: "At the period when Europeans first came among them, the natives of North America were ignorant of the values of riches...."

This Indian attitude was so foreign to Europeans that Europeans could not credit it even while they reported it. Indian societies socialist in character and governed, as a rule, by councils were described in terms of kingship and feudalism by the majority of authorities until the pioneer American anthropologist, Lewis Henry Morgan, and Bandelier, his prophet, exploded that point of view in the late nineteenth century. "All the grand terminology of the Old World, created under despotic and monarchical institutions," Morgan wrote, "...to decorate par-

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RIDES AT THE DOOR (*ca.* 1864-1953)
As a young man he made many long and arduous trips to enemy camps to capture horses. Eight of these raids were led by his friend, White Quiver, renowned as the most successful of all Blackfoot horse thieves. Rides at the Door continued to pitch his painted tipi in the tribal sun-dance camp circle and to participate in Blackfoot ceremonies during the 1940's.

The Last of the Buffalo Indians . . .

The tragic story of the extermination of the buffalo on the Great Plains has been told many times. It was on the grasslands of Montana that the last, lumbering animals of the great northern buffalo herd were destroyed. In 1875 their numbers had been almost countless. The buffalo was still the staff of life of the Blackfeet. Yet during the winter of 1883-84, when "the tail of the last buffalo disappeared from the plain," hundreds of Indians starved to death on the Blackfeet Reservation in Montana. Nevertheless, the great majority of those Indians managed to survive that horrible winter. Only since World War II have the members of the last generation to hold lively memories of life in buffalo days all but disappeared, aged men and women

WADES IN THE WATER (ca. 1871-1947)
Son of Chief Running Crane, Wades in the Water was one of the last Blackfoot Indians to take an enemy scalp. He was for many years chief of the Indian police on the Blackfeet Reservation. Ceremonially active, he was the owner of an elaborate medicine pipe bundle which was opened each spring at the first sound of thunder.

BY JOHN C. EWERS

with photographs by Donald Schmidt

born in the early 1870's or before. They have faded away like old soldiers. Belated though it may be, it is time for western historians to recognize the significance of their passing.

I was privileged to know and to learn from a goodly number of these old people. Generally we communicated through an interpreter, for few of them learned to speak English. It was always a thrill to see their eyes light up and to hear their animated speech as they recited their experiences and recalled tribal life in buffalo days. They were consciously eager to fill in details—to set the record straight before it was too late. They were less reticent than had been their ancestors in answering questions and giving full explanations. I was amazed at the ability of many of them to recall the details of a way of life that had disappeared sixty or more years earlier. Traders had told me that the minds of illiterate Indians sometimes retained more accurate records of their transactions than their own account books. Their minds were uncluttered

GOING AFTER WATER ca. 1860s

She was the daughter of Flying Arrow, a skilled craftswoman, who decorated buffalo robes and moccasins with delicate porcupine quillwork. She herself was a painter of rawhide containers, parfleches, and a beadworker, as well as a homemaker. In this role of Bird Rattler, she accompanied him in tribal ceremonies.

LAZY BOY ca. 1870s–80s

Born in the year of the first treaty between the United States and the Blackfoot Indians, Lazy Boy was to see several wars prior to his death the oldest Indian on the Blackfeet Reservation. At the time when young Indians talked excitedly about the new atomic bomb, he could still remember the days when he and his comrades used bows and arrows and muzzle-loading rifles on the buffalo hunt and in the old tribal wars.

WEASEL TAIL (*ca.* 1859-1950)

A poor boy, eager to gain recognition, he joined his first war party in his middle teens, became snow-blind on the trail and was left behind. His colorful career included successful war exploits against the Kutenai, Assiniboin, Cree and Crow. His courageous wife accompanied him on horse raids before the birth of her first child. Well versed in Blackfoot history and mythology, he must have been an exceptionally keen observer and listener in the days of his youth

with paper talk. The old Indians cultivated their memories.

And what memories they were! Older men recalled how they rode after buffalo and butchered their kill, how they raided the distant Crow and Flathead camps for horses, took enemy scalps, made weapons, pipes and bonnets, or took part in sacred ceremonies. Women remembered how tipis were made and used, how their mothers and grandmothers made clothing and riding gear and decorated these articles with "big beads," paint or porcupine quills, and they told of the decadence of these fine old crafts. Old people of both sexes described the games they played and the life they lived in the small winter camps and in the great, tribal, summer sun-dance encampment.

These old people were the reciters of the beautiful tribal myths handed down by word of mouth from generations past. They were the tellers of fascinating stories of the deeds of tribal heroes. Yet no historians or anthropologists have fully recorded all they knew of life in buffalo days. Much of that knowledge has disappeared beyond recovery with their passing.

I shall always remember these Indians as friendly, fun-loving, kind-hearted, lively-minded people. Most of them were poor. But they were generous almost to a fault. And generously they shared their recollections of the old days and ways. They were a sturdy, stout-hearted folk—these last living links with buffalo days. They deserve to be remembered.

WEASEL HEAD *ca.* 1863–1936

His unusual headdress of weasel skin and owl feathers originated in a dream during his young manhood in which he saw and was given it as sacred object by its spirit owner. He was not gained the right to make it and wear it in the sun dance lodge of his people. Until the year of his death, Weasel Head was one of the medicine men whose prayers and dances were credited with bringing good weather during the tribal sun dance encampment

Mari Sandoz: Nebraska Loner

BY BRUCE H. NICOLL

The lengthening shadows of afternoon offered promise of some relief from the heat of that late summer day in 1933. For the citizens of Lincoln, Nebraska, there was little to distinguish this day from the others of that summer. For them the vicissitude of the depression was compounded by a cruel caprice of nature. Drought seared the face of the land and wilted its inhabitants.

In this microcosm of discouragement still another drama of despair was played out. In the alley behind an apartment house on Lincoln's J Street, within three blocks of Nebraska's magnificent capitol (conceived over a decade earlier as a memorial to progress), three women stood around an old galvanized iron washtub as the last flickering embers of its content died. For nearly an hour a dark-haired young woman carried out first one armload of paper and then another and dumped them on the pyre. Twelve years of writing, nearly eighty-five short stories laboriously written and rewritten and rewritten again, and submitted and rejected endlessly by publishers, vanished in the flame and smoke.

Earlier that day what must have been a final blow to the young woman came in the mail. After anxiously awaiting the postman for months, the letter arrived from Little, Brown and Company. *Old Jules* had been rejected. In anger she wrote the publishers that *Old Jules* would be remembered long after the judges of the Atlantic nonfiction contest were dead and forgotten. Anger was swallowed up in despair. If *Old Jules* was not publishable then nothing she had done was worthy, she told her protesting friends. The stories would be destroyed. "They're not good enough," she said.

On that day Mari Sandoz quit. She was starved out, defeated. The confidence, drive, and stern self-criticism which had nourished her through a decade of serious writing simply vanished, and she sneaked back to the sandhills. There, at least, she would eat regularly.

In recalling the incident on J Street, one should not be left with the impression that Mari Sandoz in any way resembles a delicate literary flower wilting under the slightest adversity. Far from it. To pursue the analogy, she is much more like those tall, reedy, flowering grasses found in the bottom land of her native Nebraska sandhills which persevere year after year no matter the care or abuse bestowed by man or nature.

Miss Sandoz is a rugged individualist in the best sense of those much maligned words. She came by this honestly. The rules of life for her were laid down early, and often they were harsh to a degree that she never forgot them. Her formative years in the sandhills were also touched by beauty and love. Out of this emerged a woman who is at once a hostile and a friendly, a "loner" if you please, whose entire life has been singularly dedicated to becoming a successful writer. Nothing was permitted to stand in the way. Nothing did, as it turned out.

Miss Sandoz was the first of six children born to Old Jules and his fourth wife, Mary. Her father was a member of an upper-class Swiss professional family who quit medical school at the end of his fourth year on the pretext his allowance was insufficient. He went to America and in the 1880's settled in the sandhills where he could live as he pleased.

"Our mother," she once said, "did most of the field and garden work, so the care of the house and children usually fell to me. When a baby was two weeks old it was put into my bed and was then my responsibility." She also learned to tend her father's trapline and when necessary to skin anything from a weasel to a cow.

When Miss Sandoz started school at age nine she knew only a few words of English. Her mother tongue was Swiss-German, with a smattering of French and Polish mixed in. In school she began to learn to read. "It was a wonderful discovery that little black marks were the key to wonderful stories."

School attendance was irregular because of the demands of her father. At age ten a longer interruption

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occurred. A late spring blizzard swept across northwest Nebraska scattering the Sandoz cattle. Mari and young Jules were sent to rescue them. By nightfall most of the cattle were located and the children returned home. "We literally fell from our horses and were taken into the house with solicitude entirely new to us. My head ached; we were starved; chilled; and the house was dark. 'Why don't you light the lamp?' I demanded. Mother made a funny gurgling noise, 'Ah,' her voice choked. 'The lamp is lit. You are blind.' Weeks went by before the pain lessened. The slightest infiltration of light under the bandages produced agonizing pain. When finally the bandages were removed, there was no sight in the left eye."

As schooling went on Miss Sandoz entered the wonderful world of Hawthorne, Shakespeare, Conrad, Hardy and others. This was a clandestine adventure. She had to borrow books and smuggle them into the house in the sloppy front of her low-belted dresses. Fiction was not to be read, Old Jules said. "It is all right for a hired man, but not for a Sandoz. Philosophy is for us!"

Miss Sandoz began to write as soon as she started school. Once she secretly wrote a story and sent it to the Omaha *Daily News*. It was accepted and published. When the paper came to the Sandoz ranch she learned she must not read fiction or write it. "Father put me in the cellar," she said. "I believed that when a parent went to the trouble of punishing a child, the least a child could do was act punished. I howled to high heaven. I knew there were snakes in the cellar. I also knew they were harmless. After some time Father came along and asked if I wanted to go quail hunting. I sure did. After that I used a pen name."

At sixteen, Mari Sandoz had accumulated four and a half years of schooling. She passed a teachers' certification examination and was given a rural school teaching position. At twenty-one she decided she wanted a university education and went to Lincoln. After two weeks waiting in the anterooms of various advisors and deans she was admitted as an adult special.

"For eight years I worked here and there, attended the University as I could, wrote seventy-eight short stories (and didn't sell one), won honorable mention in a Harper's Intercollegiate Contest in 1926, and wrote a bad novel that, fortunately, no one would publish." She did sell, however, articles on such unpromising subjects as mad-dog cures, earning one's way through college filling drug capsules (which in fact she did for a Lincoln drug firm for a number of years), prairie fires, bone pickers, and Indians. All of her writings at this time were under the pen name of Marie Macumber.

It was during these lean years that the University of Nebraska established its literary quarterly, the *Prairie Schooner*. The editorial emphasis was upon regionalism, and students were welcomed as contributors. It was "The Vine," first published in the *Prairie Schooner* which won the Harper's Intercollegiate Contest award. Another story, "Dumb Cattle," was published in the quarterly. That same year Margaret Christie, a New York literary agent, wrote to Marie Macumber, "I lent your stories in the *Prairie Schooner* to one of the editors of the John Day Company who returned them a few minutes ago saying, 'That woman, Marie Macumber, is well-worth watching —has she done a novel?' "

Early in November 1928, Mari Sandoz received a telegram that Old Jules had been rushed to a hospital in Alliance, Nebraska, and was not expected to live. When she arrived at the hospital he was in a coma. "The room was full of flowers from people who had been given so many bouquets from his own gardens," she later wrote a friend. "I took them to the bathroom to clip the stems, and, as I worked, I heard a noise and come out with my arms full of the roses. Father was mumbling, his eyes open, aware.

" 'You are Mari—' he asked. I said, 'Yes.' 'Are you still in Lincoln?' he asked too. 'Yes, I was still there.'

'Then he asked a question that was very difficult to answer: 'Are you still writing?'

"I knew how near to death he was, that any temper at all would kill him, and I would feel all my life that I had been the one to do this. Yet we never lied to him.

"So I told the truth. Yes I was still writing, but under various other names, not the Sandoz, not to bring anything upon the family that he would not like.

"But instead of flying into the violent temper that this subject had always brought before, he looked at me a long time, gathering strength to reply. Then it came, 'Why don't you write my life sometime?'

"In an hour he was dead and I returned to Lincoln after the funeral, to Lincoln and the book I had wanted so long to do."

How long it had been Miss Sandoz could not remember. She had seen the irrevocable change in the West after the first World War, a change occurring practically outside her window which, she said, "began to provoke questions: What happens when modern man comes into a stone-age region? What does he do to it? It to him? I've

always been interested in man and his way of life upon this earth and felt a strong urge to clarify my conclusions in writing. Early I saw that Old Jules and his community were by far the most promising material of my experience."

But perhaps more compelling was that "a quirk of fate had tied me to this father I feared so much, even into maturity. The three crucial moments in his life after I could take part in our family life involved me as an unwilling participant. Out of these came the need to write *Old Jules,* augmented by one line my father wrote me in 1926, when I received honorable mention in the Harper's Intercollegiate Short Story Contest, guarded by the name Marie Macumber. He discovered my activities, sent me one line in his emphatic up-and-down strokes: 'You know I consider writers and artists the maggots of society.' The book became a duty the last day of his life, when he asked that I write of his struggles."

Working part time as a proofreader on Lincoln newspapers, sometimes at the Nebraska State Historical Society, or, as she said, "just existing, as one always does, somehow," Miss Sandoz plunged into her research with all the zeal of a self-styled amateur.

In speaking of her extensive research before writing a word of *Old Jules,* Miss Sandoz said, "I took notes on all references to the Panhandle in all the important papers of the state from 1880 to 1929, and more complete notes on every panhandle or near-panhandle paper from its establishment to the end. The gleanings fill three heavy notebooks. . . . Then of course I read all the frontier literature and history obtainable, with a study of frontier economics and politics. . . . In the archives of the Nebraska State Historical Society I went through the entire Ricker Collection, containing interviews with all the oldtimers the late Judge Ricker of Chadron could find in twenty years of diligent search. I exposed my mother to months of inquisitional inquiry and interviewed everyone available. Most valuable, however, were the 4,000 letters and documents in the files—no, boxes—of Old Jules himself, a little mouldy from the leaky flat roof of our Kinkaid home, but generally intact. His habit of revising has saved many of his violent letters for me, in his own characteristically forceful push-and-pull penmanship.

"As I read, the stories of my childhood came back to me with new significance. And as I arranged and rearranged the bits of information in what seemed the closest verisimilitude to life as those people lived it in the Running Water country, the duty became a privilege."

Miss Sandoz worked with the material for nearly five years. "It dawned upon me that here was a character who embodied not only his own strengths and weaknesses but those of all humanity—that his struggles were universal struggles and his defeats at the hands of his environment and his own insufficiencies were those of mankind; his tenacious clinging to his dream the symbol of man's undying hope that over the next hill he will find the green pastures of his desire. Further, I looked about me in life and in history and literature and I saw that there were two kinds of men, the defeated and the undefeated, and that surely the last was the first."

The story of Old Jules was, at long last, done. Its author was a young woman in years but surely she had witnessed enough of the virtues and sins of man adequate for an ordinary lifetime. The book's narrative steered a deft and sure course through the labyrinth of life in Running Water country. It was clear that Old Jules was "part madman and part genius—as perhaps he had to be to master the land of his choice." But it was in a very real sense Miss Sandoz' life too, for as Bernard De Voto wrote, "the scars of terror and adoration were plainly visible."

Miss Sandoz' retreat to the sandhills was short-lived. She began writing again within a month, and not many months passed before she returned to Lincoln and a position with the State Historical Society. *Old Jules* was retyped, and she started it on its alphabetical round of the publishers again. On its fourteenth trip out it was accepted and won the Atlantic nonfiction prize in the summer of 1935. It was published the following October. The book achieved critical acclaim seldom given an author's first book.

Since 1935 Mari Sandoz has, with premeditation, remained in professional writing, a calling not known for providing its practitioners with all the comforts of tenure. She has written nineteen books, nine of which are novels. Of these the "Trans-Missouri Series" bulks large in the literature of the American West: *Old Jules, Crazy Horse, The Buffalo Hunters, Cheyenne Autumn, The Cattlemen,* and *The Beaver Men.* One more book remains to be written in this series—the story of oil in the Great Plains region.

"I decided early that most writers do their best work in materials with which they have emotional identity. Therefore I restricted myself to the trans-Missouri country. . . . Through the discovery of this one region, this one drop of water, I hoped to discover something of the nature of the ocean," she said.

Miss Sandoz has remained a trans-Missourian even though she has lived in New York City for nearly thirty years. A measure of her devotion is found in an anecdote she once told me about her first arrival in New York City. After consulting a guide book, she found comfort in knowing there was a Lincoln Hotel and directed the taxi driver to take her there. "You sure you want to go there lady?" the driver asked. Miss Sandoz was sure, and the driver shook his head and drove on. The next day, from her horrified literary agent, Miss Sandoz discovered the Lincoln was famous as the habitué of con men and prostitutes. "They never bothered me, and I never bothered them," she said. But a short time later, to save money and not face, Miss Sandoz moved to an apartment in Greenwich Village.

Research on her books has created a monumental card file of largely primary material which today is catalogued on over 400,000 cards which Miss Sandoz keeps in several heavy wooden boxes in her New York apartment. One day, some years ago, fire filled the apartment house with smoke. Firemen demanded that she leave the building immediately. "Not until you've removed these boxes," she ordered. "They're more important than I am." And she meant it. Fortunately the blaze was extinguished before either she or the boxes had to be removed.

Even after a book is in early draft, Miss Sandoz will take a manuscript back to the actual locale. "With *Cheyenne Autumn* in my brief case I retraced the September flight of those people." On another occasion she took the manuscript for *Crazy Horse* to the icy ridge where Fetterman died. It was late fall, snow had fallen, and the air of the Big Horn country was chilled. The nearest she could get to the locale was on a school bus. When she neared the spot on the road nearest the locale she asked the driver to stop. "I won't be back this way till four o'clock this afternoon. You'll freeze," he said. She assured him she could take care of herself, left the bus, and struck out across the snow. "I don't think the bus driver ever expected to see me alive again," she said. "But there I was, standing at the side of the road, when he came by late that afternoon."

Miss Sandoz' books have always been reviewed widely, both favorably and unfavorably. Of this, she once said, "You know how these things go. It's true I'm not afraid of the evaluation posterity will put upon my nonfiction—good or bad it is unique in its field and those who come after me will have to depend upon it to a very large extent."

Soon after *Old Jules* won her national acclaim, Miss Sandoz wrote of her reaction to sudden fame.

"My German-Swiss grandmother had a saying for every occasion. One she found particularly useful was: 'Setting a cur on a fine pillow doesn't improve the dog.' Two years ago, when the last revision of *Old Jules* was completed and the manuscript started once more from publisher to publisher no one considered it an occasion for acclaim and commendation. I doubt very much whether two years' travel and a fine pillow have improved that dog very much. There is, however, no denying that the fine pillow has given the dog's mistress considerably broadened opportunities and obligations. The opportunity to come and go with some freedom through editorial portals . . . the fan mail . . . the amazing way Nebraskans rush around to do things for you . . . the innumerable fine people I met.

"But all these things have no more bearing upon the book than the fine pillow upon the cur. . . . I have gained a little leisure to write—no greater facility and certainly not one whit more of understanding or discernment of either literature or life. These things are beyond prizes, editorial offices, book-club selections, and critics. These things come, if they come at all, through effort and pain and the dark road of night; like death they come to the writer alone."

We can be grateful that Miss Sandoz was raised a westerner, remains a westerner, and has totally devoted her literary career to that great sweep of land between the Missouri and the Sierra. Courage, optimism, and self-reliance emerge from the pages of her books. One also finds there a record of cruelty, deceit, and outrageous exploitation. We need this kind of writing because we need to constantly re-examine the legend of the Great American West. We need it because we have yet to establish an honest identity with our region. It will require effort and pain and the dark road of night, as Miss Sandoz suggests. But it will be well worth it.

J. Ross Browne and the Corruptible West

. . . following the "Gold Rush" was a great "Graft Rush"

BY RICHARD H. DILLON

Among the most preposterous myths of the American West, probably an outgrowth of the Chamber of Commerce boosterism of such pioneers as Lansford Hastings and John C. Frémont, is the idea that the West is peculiarly different from the rest of the United States in that it took a bigger and better kind of American to settle it. Take, for example, the old cliché, still sometimes heard on the coast about San Francisco—"The City no coward ever set out for, and no weakling ever reached."

Part and parcel of this aberrant individualism is the legend that the westerner is not only strong and silent but that he stood—or stands—for good versus evil, except for the handful of road agents and other badmen who are usually, themselves, whitewashed into colorful nonconformists when they may be neurotic and moronic murderers. Stewart Udall, in discussing the political aspects of this folklore, coined the term "Zane Grey syndrome" to suggest the oversimplification by westerners of the human race into "good guys" and "bad guys." Joe B. Frantz in a recent speech debunked the ambivalent frontiersman—the fiercely independent and hard-working *hombre* who squatted west of the ninetieth meridian and who, to quote Professor Frantz, "was subsidized from his brogans to his sombrero."

In dealing with this western legendry, some writers have erred in the opposite direction. Mary Austin, for example, in her book, Land of Journeys' Ending, offered this view of the pioneering westerners:

> There were loosed upon the land men whose record, so far as we know it, was of violence and destruction, men to whom all Indians were "varmints," all Spanish-speaking, "Greasers"; therefore, plunderable. They accepted the hospitality of Spanish rancheros and forged titles to their property. They found the Pimas hospitable, peaceable, with broad fields of corn and the roofs of their *jacales* white with bursting cotton-pods, and beggared them. They guffawed at the courtly ritual of daily life as they found it in the haciendas, spat tobacco juice over everything, swore vilely, drank hard, and killed one another on slight provocation. They massacred the game and gutted the mines; cast down the shrines, seeking buried treasure; built nothing, roared muddily through the land, and ran out like Western rivers in the sands of time that shows every disposition to forget them. I suppose there must be, always, survivals of these freebooters at large in society, whom the report of a new country to be plundered draws, as carrion draws buzzards.

The truth is, of course, that the westering Americans of the nineteenth century were a mixture. It is quite probable that there were more good men than bad, if we could define the terms. But it is nonsense to assert that these men of the frontier were unselfishly winning the West for Uncle Sam. Good or bad, honest or crooked, drunk or sober, they were heading for the setting sun, nine times out of ten, simply because they hoped to find something better than they had left back home.

Sprinkled through the hordes of emigrants were men as different from the violent and antisocial hardcases as they were from the most pious and moral. Such individuals were the humbuggers, thimbleriggers, the confidence men of the great rush west—men whose creed was avarice. Following the Gold Rush was a great Graft Rush, a phenomenon hardly touched by chroniclers to date.

The federal government, within just five years of James Marshall's discovery of color in John Sutter's tailrace at Coloma, awoke to the realization that the "Farthest" West had metamorphosed from a raw frontier into a supersophisticated society in many respects. For one, individualistic, adventurous westerners were indulging in a veritable carnival of corruption, much of it, most literally, at Uncle Sam's expense. They had turned from the placers, lodes, and ledges of the Sierra, to mine instead the public treasury.

The government decided to do something about this

systematized looting, if the tales of such wrongdoing were true. To verify the rumors and charges, the Secretary of the Treasury sought that rarest of birds in the capital—a completely honest man who was, at the same time, intelligent and diligent enough to carry through a proper investigation. They found him in John Ross Browne.

Who was this *rara avis?* This hard-nosed Diogenes whom Washington found to ferret out fraud in the Far West? He was a talented reporter, essayist and humorist. He was a precursor of Mark Twain. He was also a dedicated and loyal civil servant.

Browne was an Irishman, born February 11, 1821, at Beggar's Bush, near Dublin. His father, Thomas Egerton Browne, was a whiskey-drinking editor and publisher sometimes called the Irish Cobbett. Like that "Porcupine," he prickled many people with his comment and eventually became *persona non grata*. He was fined and imprisoned by the British, but his sentence was remanded on condition he emigrate. As a result, young J. Ross Browne grew up in Louisville, Kentucky, where his parents opened a private school in 1833. He had the usual variety of boys' jobs—clerk and tailor's assistant—and then tried medical school and did not like it. Of an adventurous and romantic nature, he hired out as a flatboat deckhand on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers in 1838 and never really ceased traveling until his death. He dreamed of world travel but was so poor he decided to provide himself with a salable skill which would cause a demand for his services. This skill was a mastery of shorthand, then called business and commercial hieroglyphics.

He became a police reporter on the Louisville *Advertiser*, tried his hand at creative writing, and then migrated to Washington and a position on the *Globe*, the predecessor of the *Congressional Record*. He was soon sick of the politicking and jobbing of that marketplace of men and decided to work his way around the world. Signing on a New Bedford whaler, he soon found he could not stand the brutal buckoism of the master, and he jumped ship at Zanzibar. He found his way back to Washington, and a job as reporter in the Senate, in late 1843. He married Lucy Ann Mitchell the following year and settled down in 1845 to a long, if not quite continuous, career in government service. His first post was that of a clerk in the Treasury Department, but Secretary of the Treasury Robert J. Walker recognized Browne's talent and appointed him his private secretary.

While secretary to Walker, Browne's first book appeared from Harper Brothers—*Etchings of a Whaling Cruise*. It was a success, and the young Irishman decided to essay his *wanderjahre*. Like so many youths, heeding the call of the West, he accepted a minor revenue service assignment to get him to California—as a jumping-off point for Asia and Europe. After a very trying voyage, in which both passengers and crew were on the point of mutiny, the *Pacific* passed through the Heads of the Golden Gate. He wrote his Lucy, whom he had left in Washington: "I have reached the land of promise at last!" But the fog, the dust, the wind, at first repelled him, and he was glad that he meant to be only a sojourner in California. "I am so inspired," he wrote his wife, "by the prevailing spirit of adventure that I dream night and day of being the bright particular star of these young heroes. Visions of adventure that span the whole world haunt me. I feel within me a spirit just burst from the bondage of office, panting to explore the great wilderness of land and ocean....California is but a step."

Browne was wrong. Although he did not yet know it, he had become a westerner. The revenue job evaporated when the cutter *C. W. Lawrence* was dismasted and failed to reach San Francisco. To fill in the time, Browne accepted the task of surveying the postal route south along the coast from San Francisco. His lonely ride through the Salinas and Santa Margarita valleys, the heart of California's grizzly and *bandido* country, delighted him and provided him with rich material for his books. But it was also the turning point in his life. He came to love the West, particularly California. He eventually wrote, "I slept upon those hills, breathed the invigorating air, and felt the inspiration of California life." While on this journey he learned that his name had been dropped from the Treasury Department's roster, which suited him because he wanted to use his shorthand skill as recording secretary for the California Constitutional Convention. He was firmly attached to California by now and wrote, "I am crazy with enthusiasm. I look forward to my career in California as a series of triumphs. It is a horrible place for women but for a man of enterprise, it is just the thing."

His work at the convention finished, Browne returned to Washington, published his *Report of the Debates*, and, with the profits from this surprise best seller, took his family to Europe. He returned to the United States just in time, for Secretary James Guthrie was looking for an absolutely trustworthy secret agent to investigate federal

activities, particularly the rumored frauds on the Pacific Coast. With his customary zeal, Browne accepted the job.

J. Ross Browne explained his own interpretation of his duties which were "to examine into every branch of public business connected with the collection of the revenue and the disbursement of the public monies." Before he was through, Browne would nose out fraud in the mints and their depositories of funds, the customs houses and their subordinate offices, the U.S. marine hospitals, Indian agencies, and U.S. land offices. That he found cupidity and theft in this age of the most ruggedly individualistic of spoils systems is not surprising; that the story has been so long untold is regrettable.

Before reaching his post in San Francisco, Browne carried out two other investigatory missions. He first went to Minnesota where a group of speculators had secured a railroad charter in order to acquire land once Congress should pass the railroad grant bill. But the Democratic party in Minnesota was split into two rival factions, and Governor Willis A. Gorman sided with Henry H. Sibley's group rather than with Territorial Delegate Henry M. Rice's railway speculators. After much jockeying, the bill was passed but was speedily repealed. Rice turned on Gorman, to accuse him of everything from ruining the Democratic party to incompetence and corruption, especially in Indian affairs.

President Pierce wanted to help John C. Breckenridge, who was backing Rice. Feeling that Gorman was probably not suited for the gubernatorial chair, he had Secretary Guthrie dispatch J. Ross Browne to St. Paul to investigate Gorman while ostensibly examining Minnesota land sales for Secretary of the Interior Robert McClelland.

Browne returned to Washington the unwelcome news that there was nothing to the rumors and accusations against Gorman although there were, indeed, irregularities in both railroad lands and the Indian trade. To say that Pierce was disturbed by Browne's report is to put it mildly. He had already promised Rice that he was removing Gorman and appointing Breckenridge! None of this politicking had been revealed to Browne, of course, not that it would have made any difference with that honest and stubborn man. Rice, backed by Stephen A. Douglas, had a showdown with Pierce in the White House, and this confrontation ended in ranting and name-calling. The powerful Douglas insisted that Gorman be dismissed—supposedly to "save the Party." Pierce weakened enough to send a second secret agent, his own secretary, Sidney Webster, but in six weeks at St. Paul he found nothing to contradict Browne's report. Henry M. Rice was in a towering rage. He cried, "Pierce is a miserable, weak, squirt! The Administration is sunk so low that it is death to any man that attempts to sustain it." But thanks to J. Ross Browne, Governor Gorman stayed.

As 1854 opened, Browne was in Texas looking into control of the border and receipts of customs, an assignment most interesting to him. Texas, like California, was a name with special connotations for him because of "the romantic and eventful character of its history." He found the books of the Galveston Customs House in good order, but he asked for the prosecution of the ex-collector, Robert Bolyn Smith, as a defaultor of $21,000. When he found the U.S. district attorney in New Orleans to be completely inefficient, he hired an able attorney in John Woods Harris, former attorney general of the Republic of Texas, to aid the district attorney in the prosecution. The secret agent then took a steamer for Houston.

Galveston had been hot but charming; Houston he found to be a country town with a great many barrooms and "a scattering population of idle looking gentlemen, mules, and blackbirds." He was impressed with the Texans he met and reported back to Washington:

> It would be difficult to find in any part of the world a more stalwart set of men. With their determined expression of eye, tall, athletic forms, dark hair and sunburnt features, their self-possessed manners and courteous address, their broad-brimmed palmetto hats and easy, careless, style of costume—a mixture of the ranger and the planter—they certainly present as fine a type of the Southerner as the traveler could well meet with.

At San Antonio he found the revenue officer living twelve miles out of town and too busy buying and selling livestock to attend to his official duties. Browne pressured a resignation out of him and secured ex-Mayor Charles Frederick King of San Antonio to replace him until the collector of the District of Saluria could appoint a permanent person. Then, after crossing a dangerous stretch of plains, the confidential agent reached Eagle Pass safely. There he found a revenue officer who had never collected a penny of customs largely because he had never received a word of instruction from the Treasury Department. Browne tutored him patiently before moving on to Laredo, the chief port of entry for Texas. Here, for a change, he found business-like officers and a fine force of mounted inspectors, forerunners of the modern Border Patrol, who had caused collections of customs to double

on livestock imported from Mexico.

Browne sent a very strong recommendation to Secretary Guthrie, by military express, that the efficient mounted inspectors be retained (their terms of employment were due to run out March 1, 1854), but he also reported smuggling and immense frauds in the way of returned debenture goods. He urged stronger inspection and control of the border to prevent the evasion of customs and personally bullied a San Antonio company, with threats of criminal action, into putting up $200 it had not paid on Mexican livestock. But he suggested an easy solution to the main problem at Laredo—the inclusion of cattle in the list of free articles of import.

The agent found the border in a lawless state, what with smugglers, Comanches, and Juan Cortinas at large; and the army had to provide a military escort to see him safely to Ringgold Barracks. Among the recommendations he posted east from that point was one urging an end to the fiction of "ports" at the commerce-less sites of Saluria and Point Isabel, and one nominating Brownsville as port of entry. He also foresaw Corpus Christi's growth and recommended that it be separated from the Saluria Customs District and made into a district itself with Aransas and Copano as satellites. He made some rather obvious recommendations, too, that boarding officers be stationed on the Texas Gulf Coast to inspect vessels and that the two towboatmen at Powderhorn, who were earning $50 a month for doing absolutely nothing, be dismissed.

From Texas, Browne sailed to Aspinwall and on to San Francisco via Panama City. In the City by the Golden Gate he found a *real* carnival of corruption. Browne recommended that the expenses of the great pork barrel called the Customs House be cut by $136,000 a year, without any detriment to service. He found twenty inspectors doing literally nothing—nothing save claiming and cashing their checks. He found that a reserve force of inspectors had been built up for emergencies—emergencies which never came. The work force had doubled since 1853 but was doing only two-thirds as much work. Browne poked into every office and job. He found fees were going astray; the costly government warehouse on Union Street a white elephant and colossal boondoggle. (Merchants preferred to use private warehouses.) In recommending that the offices of Deputy Naval Officer and Deputy Surveyor—$15,000-a-year jobs—be abolished, he stated, "I am prepared to prove, if necessary, that they are not actually employed upon their official duties one hour a day during the entire year." He found the Measurer of Tonnage entirely absorbed in his own private business (except on pay days) and worse, one of the owners of the building! Commented Browne, "It is certainly an unusual thing, if not of questionable propriety, for one of the owners of a customs house to occupy a subordinate position in it, where all the operations of the Department may possibly be subject to his scrutiny." The rent—$2,000 per month—he termed "a gross fraud upon the Government." He discovered that Clerk Cyril V. Grey had amassed a considerable fortune through fraud. (The eventual result of these, and other findings by Browne, was the removal of Collector of Customs Richard P. Hammond.)

The secret agent had little time for lighthouse matters (or authority), but he found that the inspector sent to inspect them had fallen ill and never arrived and that contractors had never been paid for their work. At least, he was able to forward the information to Washington. At first, he thought he found traces of honesty in the Appraiser's Office and the U.S. Marine Hospital, but his diligent digging soon revealed that the weakling appraiser, who could not say "no" to anyone, was a userer whose sole passion was avarice, and that the Marine Hospital, among other things, paid just double the market price for its beef.

The mint he found to be a Tammany Hall, a hangout for political job-seekers and "little better than a place of meeting for the discussion of coming elections." He found that it had lost the confidence of the people, could not even supply the demands of the city alone for coinage and was rent with scandal. In the fall of 1855 Browne discovered that Mint Superintendent Lewis Birdsall and Assayer Agoston Haraszthy (later the founder of California's wine industry) had formed a private gold-refining firm, to use a new, secret refining process which Haraszthy had developed at the mint. This was clearly a case of conflict of interest, or "impropriety," as it was called then. Since capable men were so hard to find, Browne hoped that a letter of warning would alarm the men enough to restore them to the straight and narrow. But later, Browne found Haraszthy trying to secure the sweepings from the mint (to refine) and blaming the loss of $135,000 in gold on the chimney updraft. The one-time poor Hungarian immigrant owned a large ranch and was obviously prospering. "I consider him an unsafe man," wrote Browne on October 2, 1856, "and would recommend his removal." Both Superintendent Birdsall

and Assayer Haraszthy were fired and the latter forced to transfer property to the government to cover the losses "by updraft."

From San Francisco, Browne turned next to the Redwood Coast where partisans of Humboldt Bay were agitating for a new customs district there. To their dismay he denounced the proposed bill as "a fraud upon the people" and suggested California's existing districts be reduced by three. Browne observed:

> To appoint a collector at $3,000 per annum at Humboldt Bay, whose office would be a mere sinecure, would be simply to pay that sum into the pockets of some aspirant for popular favor in California for the purpose of securing his election, so far as it could be done, by the voters of the District of Humboldt Bay, at the expense of the people.

Proceeding on north, he found that such so-called ports of Oregon's coast as Gardiner, Milwaukie, and Port Orford had no harbors, no vessels and no trade, but always had inspectors on the federal payroll. Perhaps the ultimate travesty was Pacific City, a non-port south of Tillamook. Its surveyor and inspector, Peter G. Stuart, lived 130 miles away at Oregon City, as well he might for there had never been a ship, scow or, probably, dinghy to call at his port—actually a hamlet of three or four houses. Of this chain of mythical ports, Browne reported, "I have deemed it my duty to stop at once such a fraud upon the Treasury." And, with a straight face, he added, "I trust that the offices will be abolished and that Congress may deem it expedient, before creating any others of a similar kind, to establish them at cities where there are inhabitants and ports where there is some prospect of commerce."

Browne found Washington Territory a nightmare. Ineptitude alternated with dishonesty in revenue matters. He collided with Peter Skene Ogden; he even meddled somewhat in the San Juan Island incident which would erupt into the so-called Pig War of 1859 between the United States and Great Britain. He cautioned against hasty measures in this area. "If it becomes necessary to maintain our rights by force," he warned Washington, "we should take care to have force enough on the spot before we undertake to do it. Otherwise, we only render ourselves ridiculous and invite further encroachments." The judiciary he found nonexistent. One of the two territorial supreme court justices refused to take office. Of the other, Browne had to report, "Judge Monroe has been intoxicated for some months past and I think the [government] money would be quite as safe in the hands of Governor Ogden as it would be in those of the Court."

The special agent was obliged to travel Puget Sound on the revenue cutter commanded by A. Benton Moses, who was already under fire for suspected fraud. He found almost no trade in Washington except at Port Townsend, and that town disgusted him. Old-timers even today in Port Townsend consider Browne's name to be an anathema. He called it the city that whiskey built. He was

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A drawing by Browne of his Coast Rangers descending from the redwood ridges of the Coast Range to Bear Harbor in Mendocino County. He relaxed with this loafing and hunting party in order to forget the cares of office.

shocked by its squalor and particularly by the drunken degradation of its Indians. He wrote of Port Townsend:

> Its public squares are curiously ornamented with dead horses and the bones of dead cows. . . . The principal luxuries afforded by the market of this delightful seaport are clams and the car-

carcasses of dead whales that drift ashore, by reason of which the natives have clammy skins and are given to much spouting at public meetings.

Back in California again, he visited the hinterland, recommending spending and staffing cutbacks in such drowsy ports as Benicia and Sacramento. In Stockton the problem was cattle. Duty payments were being evaded on the herds of Mexican stock which were driven up the San Joaquin Valley to the mines. After Browne's investigation of the south end of the Great Central Valley, Guthrie followed his first recommendation that the inspectors at Tejon, Pacheco, and Livermore passes be dismissed and an inspector placed instead at Yuma. The herds were so scattered after the Colorado crossing that it was then too late to collect duty on the beeves.

Browne pulled no punches in his reports. "Every public officer in California does as little for the Government and as much for himself as possible," he stated. He described his beloved California as a country settled by speculators and political adventurers. He proposed that a permanent special agent (not himself) be located in San Francisco. If this were done, he predicted a saving to the federal government of a half million dollars a year.

The investigator did not overlook the Cow Counties of the South. San Diego and San Pedro caused him little trouble, and Santa Barbara he found a dead port "whose population is almost exclusively composed of native Californians, whose only business, so far as I have been able to discover, is gambling and horse racing." In Monterey, the inspector of customs was being accused by a local judge of dishonesty. Browne collected data on the case and forwarded it to Washington. Aside from Edward F. Beale's Tejon Reservation, he found the Indians suffering from overpriced provisions, thin blankets, and ghost herds of beef which never arrived for butchering. He described Indian affairs in California as the expending of government money to feed white men and starve Indians. "In the brief period of six years," he wrote, "they have been nearly destroyed by the generosity of Government. What neglect, starvation and disease have not done, has been achieved by the cooperation of the white settlers in the great work of extermination."

By the summer of 1857 Browne was reporting on rent gouging, bad land office (Marysville) expenditures, and other improperties to a new chief, for Howell Cobb had replaced Guthrie as Secretary of the Treasury. He was also very nearly *persona non grata* for his injudicious reports which did not take into consideration the importance or party affiliation of those involved. That year, too, when he accepted the task of investigating the Indian wars of Oregon and Washington for Commissioner of Indian Affairs James W. Denver, he all but committed political suicide.

After touring reservations, towns, forts, and sawmills, he submitted a document of great importance to the Northwest. He quashed the rumor that the whites had deliberately started the wars, but he held them as responsible as the Indians. Some reservations were good, most were bad. Many were tiny subagencies similar to California's *rancherías,* and he backed Governor Isaac Stevens' proposal for concentrating the Indians on a few large reservations. He found the Washington Indians improvident to the point of irresponsibility.

They cannot be made to understand why Government should take their country away from them and then compel them to work for a living. They say Government deprived them of their national heritage; now let it support them.... They contrive to get rid of the abundant supplies furnished them in half the allotted time, in consequence of which they suffer partial starvation during the intervening period. Neither advice nor the pangs of hunger can change these imprudent habits. Repletion and starvation are prolific sources of disease among them.

Although some subsisted on fish and berries, he ventured of most that,

If the supplies were stopped for a single week, they would all starve or abandon the reservation.

Browne sized up the military posts of the territory while he was at it. The post five miles from Port Townsend he thought useless. It was in an area so thick with trees and undergrowth that even the Indians had to travel by water. It might just as well have been fifty as five miles from town: "Before the soldiers from the Fort could reach Port Townsend, the town might be in ashes, and every inhabitant murdered. One war canoe of 60 northern Indians could do it in half an hour." On the other hand, the tiny agency and fort at Bellingham impressed him. The little post was commanded by Colonel George E. Pickett, who would lead the historic charge at Gettysburg in six years. Browne found him quite unafraid of the wild Indians from Nootka and Prince Edward Island who had murdered former Collector Isaac Ebey. "He is determined to give the northern Indians some trouble in carrying into effect a threat recently made by them—that, having carefully examined his fort, they meant to have it and, at the same time, his head."

Better than any number of picket posts to Browne would have been a patrol boat in the Sound. He dismissed the suggestion that the mail steamer *Constitution* be used:

An unseaworthy, unarmed hulk, she makes but 6 miles per hour under a heavy press of steam whereas a northern war canoe can easily make ten and thus run around her. . . . She has no guns, men or munitions of war. . . . She is, in short, no more use in the waters of Puget Sound as a protection to the settlers than the loose lumber that lies around the sawmill.

At Siletz and Grande Ronde agencies, Browne called "wa-was" or powwows, explained his mission, and asked the Indians to speak their minds freely so that the Great Chief might learn, from their own mouths, what their hearts were. Most eloquent of the orators was Sam, chief of the Rogue Rivers, on the subject of the always unkept promises of the government. Said Chief Sam:

We believe Uncle Sam intends to cheat us. Sometimes we are told that there is one Great Chief, and sometimes another. One Superintendent tells us one thing and the Great Chief removes him. Then another Superintendent tells us another and another Great Chief removes him. Who are we to believe? Who is your Great Chief and who is to tell us the truth? We don't understand the way you act. With us, we are born chiefs. Once a chief, we are a chief for life. But you are only common men, and we never know how long you will hold your authority, or how soon the Great Chief may degrade you or how soon he may be turned out himself. . . . So many lies have been told him that we think he never hears the truth, or he would not compel us to suffer as we do

Browne intervened in a quarrel between Indian Agent R. B. Metcalfe at Siletz and Lieutenant Phil Sheridan. Browne found it mainly the old story of a quarrel between the military and the civil authority. But he praised Metcalfe for his strong discipline over his wards and pointed out the fact that the Indians could not form abstract ideas of unseen power. Firm but fair control was the answer. He reminded the Interior Department that:

The British Hudsons Bay Company have no difficulty in maintaining their supremacy over these races; but they pursue a different course. Whenever one of their subjects is murdered, they pursue the murderers, compel them to surrender and execute them on the spot. The Indians well understand that no matter where they may go, they will be followed and captured and so sure as they deserve it, will suffer death.

But, said Browne,

It is better, in my opinion, to prevent bloodshed than to indulge in subsequent controversies about the authorship of it and, in the end, incur war debts amounting to millions of dollars which always, sooner or later, fall upon the Government.

As he closed out his Pacific Northwest investigations, the gadfly of the Interior and Treasury departments felt tired. Moreover, as *Harper's Monthly* noted later: "Before the close of the Buchanan administration, he got himself into trouble with the powers at Washington, for exposing the frauds committed in the public service."

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

Along with his many other talents J. Ross Browne was an artist as illustrated by this self-portrait caricature.

He visited Washoe in 1860, to write brilliantly of the Comstock, went back East and thence to Europe. On August 7, 1863, he arrived in San Francisco on the steamer *Golden Age* with another Indian Affairs roving commission. His star had not yet set in Washington. This tour of duty resulted in his book, *Adventures in the Apache Country*. In 1868 President Johnson named him minister to China, but even in that high office his honesty

could not be tolerated. He expressed ideas contrary to those of his predecessor, Anson Burlingame, and was recalled.

J. Ross Browne finally settled down in Oakland, California. On December 9, 1875, he was taken ill on a ferryboat in the Bay and died that night, perhaps of appendicitis. He was fifty-six. Reverend Hamilton said of him after the funeral, "If our Government had no officials less honest and true, I think we should begin to believe in the millenium."

Browne's recommendations of reforms brought results. Heads rolled. Frauds decreased, certainly for a decade or so.

But Browne was cynical and considered his efforts at reforming the federal service in the West to have been a colossal failure. Jokingly, he referred to his fate in a third-person essay in his book, *Crusoe's Island:*

> From mail to mail, during a period of three years, the agent made his reports; piling up proof upon proof, and covering acres of valuable paper with protests and remonstrances against the policy pursued; racking his brains to do his duty faithfully, subjecting himself to newspaper abuse for neglecting it, because no beneficial result was perceptible, and making enemies as a matter of course. Reader, if you ever aspire to official honors, let the fate of that unfortunate agent be a warning to you. He did exactly what he was instructed to do, which was exactly what he was not wanted to do. In order to save time and expense, as well as further loss of money in the various branches of public service upon which he had reported, other agents were sent out to ascertain if he had told the truth; and when they were forced to admit that he had, there was a good deal of trouble in the wigwam of the Great Chief. Not only did poor Yorick incur the hostility of powerful senatorial influences, but, by persevering in his error and insisting that he had told the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, he eventually lost the respect and confidence of the "powers that be," together with his official head.
>
> I knew him well. He was a fellow in infinite jest. There was something so exquisitely comic in the idea of taking official instructions literally and carrying them into effect, that he could not resist it.

This essay is based largely upon the original confidential reports of J. Ross Browne to the Secretary of the Treasury. These documents, sent to Washington from the West more than a century ago and never collected or published, are now located in the National Archives. They are also available in many regional libraries, thanks to the National Archives' film "publication" program. I used the film file held by Allan Ottley in the California State Library's California (History) Room, Sacramento.

A much larger study of J. Ross Browne's curious official role in the Far West is scheduled for publication in book form in 1965 and titled, *J. Ross Browne: Secret Agent.*

Forthcoming Articles

The summer (August) issue comes expanded to a full ninety-six pages from the basic eighty pages usually carried. As the West is wide and tall, so the subject matter for this issue is wide-ranging.

Everett Dick whose *Sod-House Frontier* has long been a standard work describes woman's role in the conquest of the Great Plains in "Sunbonnet and Calico."

An account of disaster high in the Colorado Rockies is told by the author of many books on the West, **David Lavender,** in "The Avalanche at the Black Bear."

Geronimo and Apache trouble is described by Charles F. Lummis as presented by **Dudley Gordon** in "Lummis as War Correspondent in Arizona."

Doyce B. Nunis in an article, "Books in Their Sea Chests," outlines reading along the early California coast during the Spanish-Mexican period.

Andrew Jackson Grayson, an overland emigrant to California in 1846, became a prominent business and political leader. In the middle 1850's, inspired by Audubon's work, he began studying and painting birds. **Lois C. Stone** tells the story of this California pioneer and illustrates her words with many of Grayson's own paintings of West Coast bird life.

The "Santa Fe de Luxe" by **Lucius Beebe** describes in a highly illustrated manner an extra-fare flyer that "set a new standard of transcontinental luxury" and ceased operation only when wartime austerity brought it to an end in 1917.

UTAH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

A Western Diary

A REVIEW-ESSAY BY DALE L. MORGAN

The title applied to the now-published diary, *On the Mormon Frontier: The Diary of Hosea Stout, 1844-1861*, is one remarkably appropriate, and is also calculated to bring us to a full stop while we contemplate the extent of the Mormon frontier in both time and space. It dates back of the 1830 origins of the Mormon Church itself to the antecedents of various leaders—above all, Joseph Smith. And physically, in North America alone, the Mormon frontier extends from the rocky hills of New England to the tawny valleys of southern California, from the plains of Alberta to the sun-baked uplands of Chihuahua, but the far-flung Mormon missionary effort has established a frontier on every continent save Antarctica, and on many of the islands of the seas.

For Hosea Stout, the Mormon frontier during the years he kept a diary, 1844-69, extended from Nauvoo on the Mississippi River to Hong Kong, just off the mainland of Asia, and what a marvel is his record of the time and space that bounded his life! In jointly publishing the Stout diaries, the Utah State Historical Society and the University of Utah Press have done an immense service to American history. I have remarked in the past that these diaries constitute one of the most magnificent windows upon Mormon history ever opened, an enduring contribution to American history.

Hosea Stout, until the existence of his diaries became more generally known in 1941, had seemed a comparatively obscure figure in Mormon history. His name turned up consistently in Mormon annals, but none of the standard biographical works contained a notice of him, and what manner of person he was, few could have guessed. He now emerges as one of the greatest of diarists among that record-keeping people, the Mormons, a man with exceptional access to the inner councils of the church, though not himself usually a member of those councils, and a man of such complex personality that we are never likely to understand him entirely. A daguerreotype made of him in 1851 is the basis for an extraordinary portrait of him painted recently by Alvin Gittins to express some aspects of his character—his personal intensity verging upon fanaticism, his toughness of fiber, the male impact of his being. But Hosea Stout was also a man having a tender sensitivity for his wives and his children, a man capable of writing, during the adversities of life at Winter Quarters in 1846, an autobiography possessed of such artless simplicity and charm as to be one of the great personal documents of our literature *

In it Hosea recounts his birth in the Kentucky backwoods in 1810, four years spent among the Shakers when a child, his removal to the Illinois prairies in 1828, and his first contacts with Mormonism in 1833-34. The autobiography lapses in 1835, Stout never having the time, or perhaps the inclination, to take it up again; but another extant sketch that he wrote for the church in 1844 describes briefly the experiences of the intervening nine years. He joined the Saints in Missouri in 1837, though not baptized until August 1838. As one of the mounted Mormon Danites, he participated in the Battle of

ON THE MORMON FRONTIER: THE DIARY OF HOSEA STOUT, 1844-1861 **Edited by Juanita Brooks** *(2 vols., Salt Lake City, University of Utah Press and Utah State Historical Society, 1965 $17.50)*

*See *Utah Historical Quarterly* XXX (Salt Lake City, 1962)

Crooked River and had to flee the state after the Mormon surrender that fall. He made his way to Lee County, Iowa, but early in 1840 crossed the Mississippi to Nauvoo, where he was made clerk of the High Council. He became an officer in the Mormon militia, the Nauvoo Legion, and joined the special police organized in the autumn of 1843, soon becoming chief of that body.

If Stout kept diaries prior to 1844, nothing is known of them. What prodded him into commencing a diary, apparently, is that on October 4, 1844, he was ordained an Elder in the Quorum of Seventies, and a day or so later was appointed one of the seven presidents of that quorum. Thereafter, almost without a break, he made daily entries to December 4, 1859, throughout one of the most tumultuous periods of Mormon history. He made three more entries in 1859, six in 1860, and one on July 10, 1861, when his sense of history moved him to note the erection of the first telegraph pole in Great Salt Lake City. No later diaries have been found except a brief daily record kept in 1869 in which the entries were made. He died at his farm in the Salt Lake City environs on March 2, 1889, in his seventy-ninth year.

It is not my purpose to describe the book that has been made from Stout's diaries. I should rather like to sum up the life Stout recorded and bring out some points about the unique significance of the diaries.

Initially, Stout describes daily life in Nauvoo from October 1844, to February 1846, when he crossed the Mississippi with the wilderness-bound Camp of Israel. Stout's is the only Mormon diary publicly available for the whole of this period which magnifies for students its value and importance. The diary was begun just too late to describe the murder of Joseph Smith in June 1844, or the struggle for the succession to church leadership six weeks later, culminating in Brigham Young's elevation to power. But there was some anti-Mormon turbulence that fall, uneasy undercurrents and intimations of Mormon removal from Nauvoo upsetting surface serenity through the first nine months of 1845, with renewed mob violence in September 1845, ending with Young's public announcement that the Mormons intended to leave Illinois. Stout reports in detail the events of these troubled months, and afterward sets down a graphic picture of the passage across Iowa, and of life at Winter Quarters on the Missouri River from the fall of 1846 to the spring of 1848. It is our good fortune that Stout did not accompany the Mormon pioneers west in 1847, for we have many accounts of the pioneer trek, few that record what went on at Winter Quarters during their absence. In 1848 Stout migrated to Utah, thereby adding another to the slender list of overland diaries for this year.

The real beginnings of Salt Lake City trace from Brigham Young's return there in September 1848. The transformation of a wintering place into a city is recorded in Stout's diary, with many other matters of high interest. He participated in the first punitive expedition against the Utes of Utah Valley in March 1849; next summer recorded the passage of forty-niners bound for the gold fields; and in December 1849, to his acknowledged surprise, became a member of the legislature of the Provisional State of Deseret. In February 1850, he was also appointed "States attorney" (attorney-general)—an appointment that would astonish any unfamiliar with Mormon ways, for Stout seems to have had no previous experience as a lawyer. He learned fast, and by the summer of 1850 was practicing on his own account. Again, we are fortunate, for the diary reveals a great deal we had not previously known about the litigation in which overland emigrants engaged on reaching the first courts available to them after leaving the Missouri River.

This emphasis upon overland travel suggests one significance of Stout's record: he traveled overland himself and paid attention to the coming and going of the mails, along with much else related to the subject; from here on, his diaries are going to be a standard source for any concerned with movement across the American West. But one can scarcely imagine a field of inquiry that will not be rewarded by a study of these diaries; he noted the first Bloomer costume worn in Great Salt Lake City in July 1852 and the arrival of sheep from Taos bound for California a month later—and these are just two examples. He was also a member of the first legislature of the State of Deseret, as noted, and later of the legislature of the Territory of Utah, for the proceedings of which his diaries are actually a fuller source than the official journals of that body.

In the fall of 1852 Stout was called as a member of the first missionary group sent to China. The church authorities periodically tested members to see whether they were getting too attached to the things of earth; and Stout, like most men called for such missions, never questioned the value or necessity of the mission, nor counted the sacrifices involved. He took the trail to southern California—another of his contributions to the literature of overland travel—sailed up to San Francisco, then with his co-

continued on page 93

About the Authors

J. Frank Dobie *was an authority on the history and literature of the Great Southwest, with special interest in the Cowboy and the Mustang. With his death in the fall of 1964 an era ended in Texas life and letters. Plans to include a piece from this great writer were underway when news came of his passing. His "James Bowie" is offered here as a tribute in memoriam to him and also to the caliber of men and the land about which he could write so brilliantly.*

William Brandon *is an authority on the American Indian and is the author of many essays and several books, including* The Men and the Mountains *and* The American Heritage Book of Indians. *He is currently working on* The Santa Fe Trail *for McGraw-Hill.*

John C. Ewers *was the first curator of the museum of the Plains Indian on the Blackfeet Reservation, Montana, before he became an ethnologist at the Smithsonian Institution. His writings on the Indians of the West include* The Blackfeet, Raiders on the Northwestern Plains *and* The West Through Artists' Eyes *which will be published in the fall. Photographs for his articles were by Donald Schmidt, Glacier Studio, Browning, Montana.*

Bruce H. Nicoll *is director of the University of Nebraska Press. A native of Wyoming, he has served in an editorial capacity on the Lincoln, Nebraska* Star, *Omaha* World-Herald *and the Associated Press. He is co-author of* Nebraska, *an elementary school text, and of numerous articles.*

Richard H. Dillon *is a native Californian. He is head of the historical research collection of the Sutro Library and has taught at various colleges and universities in his home state. His books include:* Embarcadero; The Gila Trail; Shanghaiing Days; California Trail Herd; The Hatchet Men; Meriwether Lewis; *and the forthcoming* J. Ross Browne: Secret Agent.

Dale L. Morgan *is on the staff of the Bancroft Library, Berkeley. He is an outstanding authority on the history of the West, especially the fur trade and overland travel. His* Jedediah Smith and the Opening of the West *was reprinted in 1964, and more recent books are* Overland in 1846: Diaries and Letters of the California-Oregon Trail *(1963), and* The West of William H. Ashley . . . *(1964). Better than anyone else Mr. Morgan understands the significance of Hosea Stout to Mormon and American history. It was really he who "discovered" the Stout diaries and personally transcribed them more than twenty years ago, thus bringing them to the attention of the world of scholarship.*

T. H. Watkins *is a free-lance writer, occasional book reviewer for the San Francisco* Chronicle, *and a graduate student at San Francisco State College in American history.*

Ted C. Hinckley *is an associate professor in American history at San Jose State College. He has written for both scholarly and popular publications.*

William Bronson, *author of* The Earth Shook, The Sky Burned *(1959) and* Still Flying and Nailed to the Mast *(1963), is currently at work on an illustrated history of the Yukon gold rush and the opening of Alaska. His next book to be published will be an illustrated analysis and critique of the environmental crisis in his home state, California, and is due from Doubleday in winter 1965-66*

SITKA

JUNEAU

YUKON

By T. H. Watkins

The Americanization of Sitka

SITKA, OUTPOST OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE FOR SIXTY-THREE YEARS, BECAME AN AMERICAN FRONTIER TOWN IN 1867. THE STORY OF THAT TRANSITION IS ONE OF THE LEAST KNOWN IN THE HISTORY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF THE WEST, AND AT THE SAME TIME ONE OF THE MOST PITIABLE, FOR THE STORY OF THE AMERICAN SETTLEMENT OF SITKA IS THE STORY OF A FAILURE.

Sitka from the anchorage in the Western Harbor. Reproduced from a panoramic view in the U. S. COAST SURVEY: COAST PILOT OF ALASKA. *The propped-up hulks in the center were used by the U. S. Army as powder magazines. Note the palisade running inland from the waterfront which protected the town from the nearby Indian village with its cluster of huts*

Sitka in the 1860's was a ramshackle company town. Its two narrow harbors, one to the west and one to the east, were dotted with islands and all about rose the dark, forested slopes of mountains. As seen in 1865 by an Englishman, Frederick Whymper, who visited there in the summer of the year, Sitka presented "an original, foreign, and fossilized appearance."

Founded in 1804 as New Archangel by the legendary Alexander Baranof, the town served as the center of Russian enterprise in Alaska. The Governor's Mansion, for thirty years home and headquarters for the chief managers of the Russian-American Fur Company, rose a hundred feet above the sea, a square hulk of a structure whose domination of the town was enhanced by the flickering beacon of a primitive seal-oil lamp in its cupola.

Whymper noted other attractions of the town in a stroll down the village's only real street. In addition to the Governor's Mansion, there were the offices and workshops of the Russian-American Fur Company, a few solidly built residences, the Greek church, with "its dome and spire of Oriental style," a smaller Lutheran church, a building which housed the unmarried employees of the company, a schoolhouse, the company hospital. "Beyond these" Whymper added, "were a few dozen cottages and shanties, and then—the woods."

Wrote Whymper:

> Sitka enjoys the unenviable position of being just about the most rainy place in the world. Rain ceases only when there is a good prospect of snow. Warm sunny weather is invariably accompanied by the prevalence of fever and pulmonary complaints, and rheumatism is looked upon as an inevitable concomitant to a residence in the settlement.

In 1867 Sitka housed over nine hundred moist inhabitants, including some three hundred Russians and six hundred half-breeds and civilized Aleutians, while in the village on the northwest edge of town, a fluctuating population of Thlingit Indians lived in large communal huts. Some were employed by the company as fishermen and workers in the ice trade, and all of them lived under the constant surveillance of cannon placed at strategic intervals along a palisade. To satisfy more Christian requirements, a tiny church for their use jutted reluctantly from the ragged palisade.

Prince Dimitri Maksoutoff, chief manager of the Russian-American Fur Company and governor of the colony, his wife, and a small coterie of higher officials attempted to relieve the bleak environment of Sitka with a poor imitation of court life at St. Petersburg, an effort freely lubricated with the oil of good cheer, according to Whymper who said:

> We shall not readily forget the reception given us by the residents of Sitka . . . Russian hospitality is proverbial, and we all somewhat suffered therefrom . . . a good half-tumbler of some unmitigated spirit, ranging from Cognac to raw vodka . . . was pressed upon us on every available occasion. . . . Several entertainments—balls, suppers, and a fete in the Club Garden—were organized for our benefit.

The ordinary people of Sitka had fewer compensations. For one thing, as Bancroft reports, little time could be found for such entertainments: "There was little variation in the routine of life at Sitka. Employees, other

Four representatives from Indian Town in a reluctant pose. Squaws were often seen carrying twigs laden with fish-eggs, "nibbling them with great gusto as they pass along. . . ."

than the higher officials, were required to rise at 5 A.M. and to work in summer for about twelve hours a day. . . ." Under a law established for the convenience of the company, no one in debt to the company could leave Sitka. Since wages were paid in company scrip and all purchases were made at company stores, pay and prices were so regulated that employees were kept in virtual slavery

through perpetual indebtedness. It was a practice which had apparently existed for some time. Sir George Simpson of the Hudson's Bay Company visited Sitka in 1841 and reported that "among the servants are some excellent tradesmen . . . they have come originally on engagements of seven years; but most of them, by drinking or by indulging in other extravagances, contrive to be so regularly in debt as to becomes fixtures for life."

Bound on the one hand by the demands of the company and on the other by the strictures of the Orthodox and Lutheran religions, the bulk of the population led lives of plodding regularity, relieved only by the periodic overindulgence of *hoochinoo*, a primitive liquor distilled by the local Indians from molasses, and by the numerous festivals of the church. Ignorant, kept on the thin edge of poverty, they were in the opinion of one observer "dependents of the Russian-American Fur Company—mere slaves; they did as they were told, and for doing that received enough to eat, drink, and wear, such at it was. . . ."

Subjugated, and brutalized by a harsh way of life in a particularly cruel environment, these slaves would soon be liberated. With the sale of Alaska to the United States in 1867, the Americans came—bringing with them some of the less savory benefits of freedom.

On October 9, 1867, the U. S. Steamer *John L. Stephens* disembarked two hundred fifty American soldiers under the command of Major General Jeff. C. Davis. A few days later, Lovell H. Rousseau, United States commissioner, arrived, and on the eighteenth of the month Rousseau, Davis, and the soldiers stood beneath the flagpole near the Governor's Mansion with Alexei Pestchouroff, commissioner of the Tsar, Prince Dimitri Maksoutoff, and the garrison of Russian soldiers. "Whereupon," a participant related, "Captain Pestchouroff ordered the Russian flag hauled down and . . . with brief declaration transferred and delivered the territory of Alaska to the United States." An exchange of salutes, a brief reply of acceptance by Rousseau, the replacement of the American flag for the Russian, and they stood on American soil.

Most of the Russians in Sitka took advantage of free

St. Michael's, the Russian Orthodox cathedral in Sitka. Local Indians were provided with tiny Resurrection Church, decidedly less impressive than even this rustic facility.

All photographs in this article from the Eadweard Muybridge collection in the Bancroft Library. This noted West Coast photographer visited Sitka in late 1867 or early 1868.

transportation home, and by the end of the following year all but a handful had departed for Russian and Asian ports. Left behind was the bulk of the population —the half-breeds, Aleuts, Indians, and a few American adventurers who had invaded the town even before the official transfer, staking out lots and receiving no interference from Prince Maksoutoff who, with fine Russian disdain, had refused to sully his hands with the matter.

There are no records to establish the exact number of American civilians who came to Sitka during the first few months after the transfer. However few, they could not have disrupted the town's previous existence more had they been an inundating flood. Refugees from a rapidly diminishing American frontier, they came filled with optimism and an urgent determination to find the dream of Golconda which had escaped so many of them so often before. A special correspondent of the *Alta California* met one such emigrant:

> Among the civilians on the way to Sitka is a California forty-niner, who tells me that if he had invested the fifteen hundred dollars he brought down from the mines, in the spring of 1850 . . . he should now be a millionaire. He is now bound for Sitka with an outfit of whiskey and tobacco, the proceeds of which he will invest in lands about that promising town. . . . He has an undoubting faith that in a dozen years Sitka will contain fifty thousand inhabitants.

Speculators, politicians, merchants, and (as Bancroft reports) "loafers, harlots, gamblers and divers other classes . . ." already familiar to other American frontiers, thrust into Sitka, staking out lots wherever open space presented itself, building uncertain shanties and speculating profusely on one another's enterprises. They built saloons, a billiard parlor, framed a city charter, made laws, elected a sheriff "large enough to do his duty," and a mayor; lawyers hung out their shingles, and one Barney O. Ragan sat down and laboriously began producing a handwritten newspaper, *The Sitka Times*, soon joined by Thomas G. Murphy and his printed *Alaska Times*.

Rather stylish for Sitka, this Russian building served as headquarters for the offices of the United States Customs Collector. The soldiers are not loitering — just standing around.

Shipping increased tremendously, with over seventy vessels entering Sitka Harbor between October of 1867 and August of 1869. But this maritime activity did little to bolster either the town's population or its commercial progress, for the ships came to carry away the furs and

accumulated goods stored in the warehouses of the now defunct Russian-American Fur Company. When these assets were depleted, shipping all but ceased. It soon became apparent that Sitka offered little to sustain the frenetic activity which had greeted its transfer to the United States. Americans who had come to enter the fur trade faced the same disadvantages that had plagued the Russian-American Fur Company in its last years: pelts were not so easily come by, and low prices prevailed. Gold and other precious metals might be found on the mainland, but the shortness of the seasons and the hostility of the Indians kept all but the most stubborn from venturing too far inland.

Shipping at Sitka increased rapidly after transfer of Alaska to the United States — then all but disappeared when the stored goods of the Russian-American Company were removed.

By May of 1868 only fifty Americans remained. These few together with the two hundred fifty soldiers evolved a pattern of life that led to the social disintegration of the town.

William S. Dodge, collector of customs and first mayor of Sitka, characterized the soldiers as "desperate or very immoral men. . . . Many has been the night when soldiers have taken possession of a Russian house and frightened and browbeaten the women into compliance with their lustful passions. . . . Some of the officers," Dodge continued, "drank immoderately of liquor, and it is telling the simple truth when I say that one or two of them have been drunk for a week at a time. . . ." Thomas G. Murphy, editor of the *Alaska Times*, added further evidence: "Most of the recent outrages and crimes committed here have been traced to some of the soldiers, who in some way managed to escape from their quarters and even from the guard house, and then roam around carrying fear and violence with them."

The situation was not improved when officialdom in the United States decided that Sitka, being sufficiently removed from civilization, would be a good spot for military malcontents, as Murphy reported hotly:

> Sitka a Botany Bay—Thirty convict soldiers came to this place on the "New Bern". . . to serve out their terms of penal service. They were too incorrigible to remain in California, where the Government is supposed to have buildings strong enough to hold them; so they have been sent to Sitka, where there is no suitable place for keeping them at all.

Although the American civilians were more than willing to criticize the rampaging soldiers and officers, most of them were engaged in making those rampages possible through the selling of illicit whiskey (presumably banned by the Customs Office, but in truth easily smuggled in) and the organization of houses of prostitution. There were, according to Murphy, eleven saloons and at least three brothels in Sitka in the latter part of 1870. In addition:

> There has been for a considerable time past, a series of *Balls* given by several saloon-keepers. In the commencement they were respectable, but of late . . . have degenerated and fallen so low as to be made a cloak to cover the most disreputable and shameful purposes. Nightly these carnivals are held at the Sitka House on Grant Street, and at Jones' on Lincoln Street. . . . These common dance houses squaws frequent, and the women or girls who associate with them are no better. . . .

Loosed from the rigid demands of their former life, the half-breeds and civilized Aleuts—and some of the Russians who had remained—found the excitement and temptation of free-spending American soldiers far more than they could resist. The social structure of the town, tenuously held together under the Russian regime through governmental and church control, simply collapsed under the sudden pressures placed upon it by the American occupation.

"Almost every evening," Emil Teichmann, the agent for a London trading company reported,

> almost the whole community gets drunk and merry, and... the noise made by the workmen, maddened by drink, resounds throughout the eerie settlement. An even worse state of affairs prevailed among the wives of these unfortunates since they (and not only the younger ones among them) gave themselves up openly to prostitution and in their intercourse with the American soldiers disseminated most terrible diseases.... What made matters still worse was that the men not only disregarded the shameful trade plied by their womenfolk but in some cases even openly promoted it in order to gain a profit for themselves.

Sitka had become, as William S. Dodge wrote in his report to Washington, "what Dante characterized Italy– 'A Grand House of Ill-fame.' "

Those few American civilians who were not themselves actively engaged in the cheerful debauchery of Sitka were powerless to do anything to stop it. The city government, loosely organized and financially insolvent, had no real basis for existence under territorial law. Its ordinances were strictly a matter of form, ignored by both the soldiers and the rowdier civilians. Disappointment, frustration, and simple disgust took its toll of the respectable portion of the American population. In a military census of 1870, only twenty-six American civilians were mentioned, and twelve of these were listed as saloonkeepers.

Even Thomas G. Murphy, editor of the *Alaska Times*, reached the limits of his patience. For over two years he had steadfastly boosted the possibilities of Sitka, had talked up the town's "elegant clock" and the "beautiful chime of bells" in the dome of the Greek church, and had in 1869 promoted the formation of a Pioneer Association for Sitka ("It is strange that an organization of the kind has been delayed for so long.") But by September of 1870, Murphy's eloquent admiration for the town had turned to bitterness. He packed up and left for Seattle after issuing a ringing condemnation:

> We are denied courts of justice where the guilty may be punished for crime, according to law, and where life, liberty, and property may be protected.... In view of these facts, and several others which we can name, what inducements are there for any man to live in a country such as this?... When is there going to be an end to such a state of affairs as at present exist here? Never as long as military rule exists in Alaska.

In Sitka, everything had gone wrong. The town had been invaded according to the tradition of American settlement, but it had not been settled; it had been wonderfully fortified with the military, but the soldiers had degraded those very people they came to protect. Under the strains and pressures of settlement, the machinery of civilization had ceased to function. This condition prevailed until 1877 when the Nez Percé uprising in the continental United States caused the withdrawal of all military forces from Alaska. Between 1877 and the granting of full civil government in 1884, Sitka simply drifted in time, unexploited and undeveloped, a still eddy in the river of Alaskan progress.

General texts used for this article include Hubert Howe Bancroft's *History of Alaska, 1730-1885*, which provides a wealth of specific information; but, like much of Bancroft, information should be used with a close eye to those "open, well-known, and easily adjustable prejudices mentioned by Bernard De Voto. Clarence L. Andrews' *The Story of Sitka* is a shallow, superficial, and purely commendatory treatment of the town. *Alaska Past and Present*, by the University of Alaska Professor Clarence C. Hulley, is one of the best of more modern texts, lucid, straightforward, and informative.

Among various primary materials is the United States Department of State's *Russian America. Message from the President of the United States... Transmitting Correspondence in Relation to Russian America* is a particularly fruitful source of letters, reports, and newspaper items concerning Alaska at the time of the transfer. Emil Teichmann's *A Journal to Alaska in the Year 1868* and Frederick Whymper's *Travel and Adventure in the Territory of Alaska* provide good first-hand views of Sitka in the American and Russian periods respectively, while William H. Dall's *Alaska and Its Resources*, Henry Wood Elliott's *A Report Upon... Alaska*, and the United States War Department's *Survey of Sitka, 1870* fill out the picture with statistical support. Newspaper material from the *Alta California*, the *Sitka Times*, and *The Alaska Times* gives the researcher much of the feel and movement of the town in the years 1867-70.

Special thanks should go to the Manuscript Collection of the University of Washington for the use of the John N. King Sitka letters.

This cheerful watercolor of Sitka was painted by Frederick Whymper during his visit to the town in the summer of 1865. Obviously done on one of the rare bright days, the picture presents Sitka in a highly romanticized manner, in no way hinting at the bleak existence of those who lived there under the brutalizing domination of the Russian-American Fur Company, and later under the chaotic and not always benevolent rule of the American soldiers and citizenry.

Watercolor by Frederick W. Whymper — original in the Bancroft Library

SITKA IN 1865

Alaska's capital city enjoys a magnificent setting. Juneau lies at the foot of its *enormous mountain wall*. From atop these towering *purplish green* heights fall *slender* white cascades that etch the cliffs to give them the *resemblance* of Venus marble. Below, the placid Gastineau Channel *extends* along Juneau's shore and separates the city from forest-carpeted Douglas Island. Here in the mid-1880's, on this most narrow of stages, was enacted a highly *charged* drama featuring...

PROSPECTORS, PROFITS & PREJUDICE

■ The 1850's and sixties had witnessed gold-hungry prospectors probing the most inaccessible reaches of America's Far West. Canada's Fraser River rush drew many of them northward. A few drifted even farther north and penetrated the geographic panhandle which forms southeastern Alaska. Because much of that territory constitutes an archipelago, it invited water-borne prospecting. When the United States purchased Alaska, what was to become Juneau was occupied by only random Indians. They were the first to report promising ore samples in the Juneau area, although by the late seventies, naturalist-explorer John Muir lent his authority to the belief that gold would ultimately be found there. Major credit for its discovery in this untamed region must go, however, to prospectors Richard T. Harris and Joseph Juneau. These two frontiersmen had joined forces after laboring in the Stewart mine near Sitka, capital city of old Russian Alaska. Rumors of richer ground attracted them northward up the archipelago. Their transportation was a dugout canoe propelled by three Indians. On August 17, 1880, while prospecting along what is today Juneau's Gold Creek, they saw colors—traces of alluvial gold as well as some quartz float containing gold. By the end of 1880, they had discovered a number of rich placers and auriferous veins and had staked out claims.

During 1881 the inevitable rush for the new El Dorado occurred. By summer there were upwards of one hundred men encamped at Harrisburg, the town site planted by Harris and Juneau. Harrisburg was soon designated by other more colorful names: Pilzburg, for George Pilz, the man who had first grubstaked Harris and Juneau; Fliptown, a miners' joke; and Rockwell, for a naval officer of the *U.S.S. Jamestown*, who had arrived with a detachment of marines to maintain order. Growing tired of name-calling, the prospectors settled on Juneau. A rising population inevitably magnified claim

By Ted C. Hinckley

frictions. Fortunately the traditional miners' law was gradually supplanted by more formal government, and in May 1882, after a democratic assembly, the inhabitants established a court system. Two public regulations adopted at this time reflected safeguards that miners had come to demand on older frontiers: the sale of liquor to Indians was prohibited; the employment of Chinese labor in Juneau mines was likewise forbidden.

Chinese had first arrived on the West Coast of the United States about the time gold was discovered in California. As Elmer C. Sandmeyer says in *The Anti-Chinese Movement in California*, they were "industrious, frugal, sober, and quick to learn new ways." Unfortunately they also "were inveterate gamblers, addicted to the use of opium, and apparently little impressed with American civilization and institutions." It was not long before bitter racial antipathy was voiced. Sometimes it was the laboring man complaining against unfair wage competition; but with increasing frequency the Oriental was objected to as a moral pariah, a man who frequented evil dens and could never be culturally assimilated.

In the 1870's, when Pacific Coast business conditions turned sour, the Chinese provided a convenient scapegoat for the economically depressed. The peculiar social position of the Oriental made him a ready-made target. In the Golden State an ephemeral but powerful political party was formed to make certain that "The Chinese Must Go." As a matter of fact, these immigrants had been "going" for some time. Many Chinese came to realize that if they concentrated in mining hamlets their numbers

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alarmed the Caucasians. To avoid this dangerous, always latent antagonism, some chose dispersal.

By 1884, as a result of vociferous and heated anti-Chinese agitation, the national government suspended the importation of Chinese laborers for ten years. Neither this legislation nor Chinese mobility succeeded in sparing the Orientals from a series of violent mob outrages the following year. In a riot at Rock Springs, Wyoming, more than a score of them were killed. Thereafter, much of the West Coast became inflamed in racial hate. From California to Seattle, Washington, there were instances of Chinese quarters being burned and the survivors forcefully expelled. Here and there courageous citizens did what they could to protest. When a Tacoma Presbyterian minister damned the attacks, a racist member of his congregation, objecting to his sympathies, shouted, "Go! Go!" "I will preach," the minister roared back, "until the benches are empty." Most westerners, however, favored the sentiments of Washington Territory's governor, Watson C. Squire. "The Chinese coolies," he stated, "being incorrigible in every way as a class, an irrepressible conflict between them and the Americans results. . . . The enmity is due to a farther-reaching cause than rivalry in the wages market."

Juneau of the early 1880's was far too preoccupied with its own exciting growth to pay much attention to these distant social tensions. Among her early gold-seekers was an ex-California contractor, a mining engineer named John Treadwell. If his rough, uneducated, spendthrift fellow miners represented the legendary frontier prospector, John Treadwell characterized the technically trained corporation man, the mining engineer of the mushrooming industrial age. For a very nominal sum Treadwell acquired the Paris lode on Douglas Island from the French-Canadian, Pierre Erussard. Erussard, or French Pete as he was called, had not been impressed

Treadwell took enormous pride in his technical triumph, but the use of Chinese labor in the mill operations (foreground) was the cause of much friction. Juneau appears in the distance.

by his rather unpropitious-appearing claim. And in fact the ore was of a low quality, so poor that neither Erussard's technical know-how nor his pocketbook could have made the lode pay. Yet extensive tests convinced the experienced businessman-engineer that given a large-scale operation, this ore could be profitably milled. In 1882 Treadwell erected the region's first mill—a five stamper.

Across Gastineau Channel, and semicircled by the gold sites first publicized by Harris and Juneau, the noisy nucleus of Juneau took shape. Impecunious miners worked placer and quartz claims—holdings which produced relatively more than Treadwell's Paris lode on Douglas Island but which had an annoying habit of abruptly playing out. Albeit, Juneau welcomed everything but monotony. The lack of white women was remedied by Indian squaws from nearby Taku and Auk villages. If she smelled of the customary seal oil, had painted her face with lamp black, and had a labaret dangling from her lip, the blanket-clad lassie could be made sufficiently attractive by a pre-date drink at a variety of local saloons. By the mid-eighties when the town boasted fifty residences, there were some twenty places where whiskey could be purchased. A Northwest Trading Company store, a barber shop, and the sign, "Russian Baths Every Saturday—50 Cents," evidenced that soft living had crept in. By this time the Presbyterians had begun their battle against demon rum, and a Miss Murphy had promised to open a public school "as soon as a suitable room [could] be prepared." The embellishments of civilization had arrived in Juneau.

To draw an accurate picture of the state of unlawful activity in Juneau during its embryonic years is extremely difficult. Tourists were titillated by the town's licentiousness; miners who had sown wild oats in roaring camps from Arizona to Montana may have found Juneau damp and depressing. Such quasi-legal bodies as the Juneau miners' meeting could exercise considerable power. If a red man attempted to kill a miner, he might swing before sundown; however, if an Indian were found dead on the beach, few questions were asked. Other traditional forms of western justice were employed: a jail in which to "cool off," banishment, and, if far removed from the mining center, the shotgun or knife. Militia companies were even constituted. These loosely construed "laws" were justified as "protection against possible Indian attack."

Until 1877 the United States Army had maintained a feeble administration over Alaska; thereafter occasional Revenue Marine or Naval vessels tried to enforce the law. The seamen frequently sought to dodge the governmental enigma that Alaska had come to represent. During 1878-79 some Sitkans actually considered turning to the Tsar, Alaska's recent owner, for adequate police protection. When Indians seemed to threaten the historic town, it was not an American but an English naval vessel that saved the day. Here was a body of land equaling one-fifth the size of the United States, a region that had been under the American flag for over fifteen years, and still it did not have any government! Finally in 1884 the territory obtained an Organic Act, a governor, and what appeared to be a workable judicial system. Miner, missionary, and merchant all agreed this step came none too soon.

To John Treadwell the enactment of a civil code with its attendant creation of a regular court of law must have appeared as a particular blessing. Like the nation's other captains of industry, the engineer had gambled a fortune on an entrepreneurial stake. Without law and order even the most imposing of Treadwell's modern machinery would not return a profit. To exploit the Paris lode he had successfully organized the Alaska Mill and Mining Company. James Freeborn was chosen president; the directors were J. D. Fry, E. M. Fry, H. L. Hill, and H. H. Shinn. Treadwell became their field superintendent. By 1885 he had spent in excess of $400,000 of the corporation's money for such projects as a 120-stamp mill with a capacity of three hundred tons per day. As 1886 began, the builder immersed himself in plans for additional furnaces, electric lighting throughout his burgeoning mill, and still more mighty equipment for tearing the yellow metal from nature's grasp. Notwithstanding staggering investment costs, Treadwell's slide rule predicted ultimate riches.

The superintendent was keenly mindful that his daring executions fell under the critical gaze of the Alaska Mill and Mining Company directors. He could pound out decisions with a rapidity that rivaled his booming stampers, but, unlike these insensitive monsters, he was never able to forget the managerial hazards which surrounded him—in particular how slender was the profit margin that insulated the Alaska Mill and Mining Company from disaster. To produce a pea of refined gold required the processing of a ton of raw ore. The engineer, therefore, bent his energies to eliminating every wasteful industrial process.

As the size of the milling complex pyramided, so had

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the number of miners employed by the Alaska Mill and Mining Company. For certain months of the year Indian laborers usually could be had. Itinerant whites from about Juneau was another source, but the ex-prospectors usually grumbled about their low wages. They seemed too independent ever to accept the confines of the Paris lode. Treadwell's California experience had acquainted him with the capabilities of Chinese miners, and he was undoubtedly aware of the successful manner in which they currently were being used in Alaska canneries. In fact Chinamen had been in Alaska for decades. A few Orientals had crewed aboard pre-purchase Yankee trading vessels. During the 1876-77 rush for the British Columbia Cassiar gold fields, over two hundred Chinese were reported en route through Wrangell. Thereafter they seem to have prospected up and down the Stikine River. In the summer of 1878 a number of them were imported as cannery workers, and then at the conclusion of the summer's operation the steamer *California* returned them to their homes on the West Coast. When the Chinese first had arrived at Sitka, it was shown that the Caucasian had no monopoly on racial hostility. One witness recalled:

> The Indians were not going to let the Chinese land, because they wanted to do the work themselves. One chief pointed to a lad who was dressed in a shabby blanket. He said that if the Chinamen were allowed to come he would soon have no blanket. The Indians themselves wanted to catch the fish and do the canning, and money there was to spend in wages. Mr

To exploit the Paris lode, John Treadwell organized the Alaska Mill and Mining Co. which began in 1882 with a modest five-stamp mill and eventually grew to a 300 stamper.

Hunter [the cannery supervisor] told them that if they learned to do the work well he would send back the Chinamen. . . . Sitka Jack [the chief] assured Mr. Hunter that if an Indian could make a hoochinoo [native liquor] still, he could make a can to hold fish.

Unfortunately Superintendent Treadwell decided to hire his first Chinese at a time when Juneau's "easy pickings" had vanished and the riotous living of the miners had turned somewhat sullen. Over a hundred prospectors seem to have left Juneau between 1884 and 1885—activity at the placers in the nearby basins of Silver Bow and Dix Bow had slumped. This scene contrasted sharply with that which was daily enacted at the Paris lode. Here "Treadwell's coolies" methodically dug away at a vast ledge of quartz, while 120 stamps, each almost half a ton, smashed the gold ore-carrying sulphurets and free gold. It was a drama of men and machines, and tourists rarely failed to inspect the works. These state-side visitors recalled the mill as a roaring, omnivorous monster. To John Treadwell, its designer and frequently their tour guide, it was a harmonious and magnificent creation. Over the crescendo of pounding, grinding machinery, sightseers frequently could not hear what the superintendent was trying to tell them. However, no tourist could fail to sense the enormous pride which Treadwell took in his technical triumph. His job was to return profits for the Alaska Mill and Mining Company. He probably saw no reason to apologize for the fact that he paid his Chinese no more than two-thirds that which he had been compelled to offer white men and Indians.

The engineer's eyes might be blinded by his statistics, but his ears could not fail to hear how one faction of Juneau's population felt about the use of Oriental labor. A June 10, 1885 letter written by the city's founder, Richard Harris, describes what occurred:

The people here seem to be kind of demoralized. They are commencing the dynamite business here against the Chinese, there has been two explosions the last one last night, but no serious damage done. It is a serious affair that a civilized community should resort to such cowardly actions, but it is the opinion that if the fiendish parties are caught the civil courts will have no use for them.

The "fiendish parties" were not caught. Later that year when anti-Chinese riots in Seattle culminated in the President's sending in federal troops, the Sitka *Alaskan* ominously declared, "The Chinese must go, but there are more ways of hanging a dog than by choking him to death with melted butter."

A resounding dynamite explosion announced that 1886 was to be a year of decision for Juneau's Oriental inhabitants. It was not a warning but a premeditated attempt to kill a number of "Treadwell's coolies." Whoever the January 23 bombers were, they were clumsy. Not only did they fail to kill or injure any of the six or eight temporarily unemployed Chinese whom the superintendent had housed in Juneau, but they detonated the charge in the very center of town. Incensed at their damaged cabins, the "better class of citizens" held a meeting and subscribed a reward of $1400 for the "detection, arrest, and conviction of the guilty parties." Two suspects were arrested and then freed. One of them, James Williams, may well have been the dynamiter. Williams had played a conspicuous role in the preceding month's anti-Chinese riots in Washington Territory, and, although a recent arrival in Juneau, his embittered expressions against the Orientals already marked him. The day after the attempted murder, mysterious signs were posted that warned: "Unless the Chinese leave at once their lives will be taken." Barton Atkins, the local United States marshal, assigned a regular guard for the Chinese dwellings, and the "better class" wondered what would happen next.

Engineer Treadwell was not shaken by the incident. He had been the recipient of various anonymous warnings. On one occasion he had calmly assisted in the removal of a package of explosives planted with the intent of wrecking his mill. The superintendent certainly had no enthusiasm for unnecessary bloodshed, and approximately ten days after the January dynamiting, he granted the shaken Chinese asylum on Douglas Island. In light of the anti-Chinese riots that had so recently convulsed the western states, one may well ask why Treadwell did not discharge his labor force. The prompt reaction of Juneau's leading citizens to the January bombing must have been reassuring. Quite likely the superintendent believed that the improved court system promised better legal protection. Treadwell may have reasoned that both the number and the northern isolation of his Oriental miners eliminated any likelihood of mass banishment. And surely the navy would block any action to evict the Chinese by sea.

As the weeks turned into months and no additional anti-Chinese incidents occurred, a few citizens may have decided the crisis had passed. Among the unemployed miners, the saloon hangers-on, no such illusion existed. The May 1 issue of the *Alaskan* commented on the in-

creasingly serious unemployment problem in Juneau. In early August these discontented men agreed that the time had come to take the law into their own hands. On the fourth, after a secret meeting, some fifty of them crossed to Douglas Island and confronted Treadwell. They angrily demanded that the "damn coolies be sent South." The superintendent pointed out that he had been unable to procure other labor when the Chinese had been employed; to dispense with them now would endanger the mill's operation. At this some of the men snickered and disparaged the Alaska Mill and Mining Company's wage scale. "All right," countered Treadwell, "I have work for all of the unemployed in Juneau. My machines have about cleaned off all of the surrounding timber. Any of you who float in a cord of wood to feed the steam engines can collect $3.00 from the paymaster, and this offer holds until you find a better job." The miners growled about being put off and departed; there were a few shouts of "We'll be back!"

On the following day another meeting was held; the attendance was considerably larger but the proceedings were just as secret. The next day, August 6, approximately a hundred men poured ashore on Douglas Island. They were armed and dangerous. Over Treadwell's protests they herded the Chinese to the beach. Some of the Orientals asked their employer for guns with which to fight. He wisely counseled them to submit in order to prevent a "general massacre." John McKenna, the deputy United States marshal, tried to dissuade the miners. When this proved futile, he joined the superintendent; each believed the government would punish the lawbreakers. In order to inform Governor Alfred P. Swineford of the violence, as well as to call for help from the *U.S.S. Pinta*, Treadwell promptly dispatched the company tug to Sitka with his assistant, N. A. Fuller.

Eighty-six Chinese were gathered, most of them from Douglas Island. That night, while the abject Orientals wondered what the dawn would bring, two schooners were secured, one by charter, the other by virtual seizure, to transport the Chinese from Juneau. By sunrise the schooners *Nellie Martin* and *Charlie* were headed down Gastineau Channel bulging with the Chinese population of Juneau and Douglas Island.

One Oriental remained behind. China Joe's real name is lost, but the reputation of how this baker had grubstaked down-and-out miners is history. One member of the August 6 mob, no doubt unacquainted with China Joe's honorable standing, entered Juneau to collar him. Quite abruptly the miscreant found himself confronted by some lethal rifle muzzles. The rioter apologized, "He's the whitest Chinaman I ever saw," and fled.

No bodily harm was endured by the expelled Chinese until after they had set sail to Wrangell. Treadwell had made certain that plenty of rice was supplied for their voyage, but sheer numbers almost precluded them a place to lie down. They all arrived at Wrangell but in a weakened and dispirited state.

When Governor Swineford and Commissioner John G. Brady landed at Juneau, they were ready to carry out the law to the fullest extent of their power. To their astonishment, the superintendent of the Alaska Mill and Mining Company declined to make any complaints. Treadwell must have concluded that the Chinese were finished. It would serve no profitable purpose to magnify the enmity of the miners. However, to protect his firm, and as if to redouble the governor's discomfort, Treadwell stated that the government was liable for any suits that might arise from the affair. Deputy Marshal McKenna added another stunning blow; he had seen "no violation of the law,"—this notwithstanding his official report that had earlier declared quite the opposite! When the governor rebuked the deputy for refusing to discharge his duty, McKenna promptly resigned. Swineford was a presidential appointee and was uncomfortably aware how outraged President Cleveland had been over the Seattle anti-Chinese riots. Alaska's governor now turned to Lieutenant Commander H. E. Nichols for support. Would the *U.S.S. Pinta* sail to Wrangell and return the evicted Chinese to Juneau? For a while the commander stalled. Finally he informed the governor that the *Pinta* had to proceed north to Yakutat for the relief of a military exploration party. Disgusted and infuriated, Swineford returned to Sitka. Shortly thereafter the expected telegram arrived from Washington, D.C.: "Reported expulsion Chinese Douglas Island occasions concern. Important every effort be made to insure for them all rights under laws and treaty."

By August 14, Indians had replaced "Treadwell's coolies." The next month a Sitka grand jury was impaneled to investigate the Chinese banishment. "Insufficient evidence" and insufficient court funds quickly terminated the grand jury probe.

In retrospect we can see that the miners who drove the Chinese from Juneau were aroused by more than their traditional antipathy toward the Oriental. These gold seekers had wandered north to seek more room; they

dreamed of finding a lucky strike. But by 1885, the latter appeared increasingly unlikely. Mere subsistence, they realized, would in time force them to enter the roaring bowels of the company's mill-shaft complex. The thought repelled them. As the January 7, 1887 *Alaskan* summed it up, the miners "will make no terms to remain any length of time in the employ of the [Alaska Mill and Mining Company] but as soon as they have made a little money they 'up stake' and go prospecting." To such men the diligent docility of the Chinese must have been doubly infuriating. Their anger mounted as they compared their own "poor pickings" with the company's flourishing operations. When the miner's frustration finally assumed its overt aggressive form, it is surprising that no one was killed.

The evidence seems to indicate that after 1886 the prospectors succeeded in keeping Orientals out of Alaska's major mining centers. Alfred H. Brooks, an outstanding Alaskan geologist, later affirmed that following the Chinese expulsion "no more Mongolian labor" was ever employed in Alaskan mines. Another observer recalled that once when the Alaska Mill and Mining Company introduced a Hindu laborer, tempers boiled, and the man had to be dismissed.

As the nineteenth century ended Juneau boasted but a handful of placer miners. The diggings had become unremunerative, ridiculously so in light of Vulcan's wildly publicized Klondike and Nome rushes. In Juneau, this god of mines had come to respect the power of the Alaska Mill and Mining Company. By 1900 where John Treadwell had first erected five stamps, a machine of 880 stamps now labored. In this part of Alaska, profits had triumphed over the independent miners with as much finality as had the prospectors over the Chinese.

The student of Alaskan history has a geographic stretch of manuscript resources like that challenging no other western historian. Probably the best place to start is in the National Archives and Library of Congress. Before the serious researcher is finished, he will not only have had to dig into the Sheldon Jackson Collection housed in the Presbyterian Historical Society at Philadelphia and Alaska holdings scattered from San Marino to Seattle, but will have explored the wealth of source material now amassed in Alaska's State Library at Juneau. The vein is far flung and not always rich. It is, however, relatively untapped and forever fascinating.

The U.S.S. Pinta *anchored at Sitka. Its commanding officer refused Governor Swineford's pleas for aid during the Chinese trouble. St. Michael's Cathedral in the background (right).*

By William Bronson

RUSH TO THE YUKON!

See page 93 for credits to all photos in this article.

This is gold fever, pure and virulent, raging in Seattle at the peak of the Yukon epidemic, summer 1897. It began with the arrival of the steamer *Portland* in Seattle on July 17, with 68 Klondikers and more than $1,000,000 in raw gold. Tickets couldn't be had for 10 times the pre-rush passage.

In July of 1896, George Carmack, an American squawman living in the upper Yukon River Country, camped at the mouth of Deer Creek (which the Indians called Thron Diuck) with his wife Kate and his brothers-in-law Tagish Charlie and Skookum Jim. At the suggestion of a prospector named Henderson, who had spent the summer up Deer Creek and panned out several hundred dollars worth of gold, George and his brothers-in-law went upstream to see what they could find. Sampling the dirt along Rabbit Creek, which other prospectors had passed up earlier as worthless, they found coarse gold—in abundance.

The three staked claims, traveled down the Yukon to Fort Cudahy to register them, then crossed the river to the Canadian mining camp of Forty Mile to announce the strike.

Every sourdough in the Yukon and Central Alaska who heard the news rushed to stake a claim in the rich new diggings. Even the Canadian Mounties of Fort Cudahy left their post to join the rush. By the end of

2 Viewed here from towering Mount Dewey, Skagway, like most Alaskan towns, lies overwhelmed by the incredible scale of the country. Skagway, and its sister city, Dyea (out of view to the lower right) were the last civilized outposts between the States and Dawson, 570 rugged miles inland. Lying at the end of Lynn Canal, Skagway was the northernmost port on the inland passage from Seattle. Ships of every size and condition crowded these waters during the rush. From here the trails led to White Pass and Chilkoot Pass.

October every yard along Rabbit Creek, renamed Bonanza Creek, had been staked, as had dozens of miles along neighboring streams.

The name Deer Creek was forgotten, somehow. Thron Diuck, which was as close a spelling as one could come to the Indian pronunciation, was corrupted into Klondike, and this became the word that would stir the world to memories of '49.

Reports of the discovery reached the outside in the winter of 1896-97, but not until newly rich sourdoughs arrived in Seattle and San Francisco the following summer did the news take on world import.

The rush lasted two years. Tens of thousands made the long and harsh, perilous journey to the Klondike from Skagway and Dyea. Far fewer took the even longer, much more expensive, but safe route by steamer to St. Michael and sternwheeler up the Yukon River.

People of every conceivable profession and skill and trade made their way north, and among them were photographers who left for us a splendid historical legacy.

This portfolio of their work is gathered to trace the difficult journey across the Chilkoot and White passes to Dawson, the boom town that sprang up on the soggy pasture where the Klondike meets the Yukon.

3 Jefferson Randolph Smith, better known as Soapy Smith, was a Georgia-born, Leadville-Denver-trained bunko man who ran Skagway to his liking from late summer 1897 until he was shot and killed by a vigilante on July 8, 1898. Smith's gang was made up of brutal thugs, though he was known as a soft touch and a friend of stray dogs.

4 Skagway sprang into being and conducted itself with the same style and vigor as American frontier towns of another day. Dodge and Deadwood had nothing on Skagway in its first two years. Before the summer of 1898 was gone, some 70 saloons were in business, despite territorial prohibition. Photo taken May 20, 1898, a time when the town was still under Soapy Smith's thumb. Mount Dewey looms in the background.

Many hundreds died in the struggle to reach Dawson. Avalanche, treacherous rapids, scurvy, starvation, violence, disease and freezing all took their toll. Although few pictures remain to show specific results of the hardship, knowing that each man had to shuttle as much as a ton of food and equipment on his back over the top, one cannot study this view of Chilkoot Pass (spring 1898) without sensing the enormous physical demands made by weather and terrain.

At the top of the pass, Canadian Mounties and customs officers checked the immigrants, and collected duty on supplies during frequent blizzards.

Outfits cached at the top of Chilkoot Pass, 15 miles beyond and 3550 feet above Dyea. Partnerships were formed by necessity for the long trek to the Klondike. It was almost impossible to travel alone. Outfits included anywhere from 750 to 1500 pounds of food, a sled, tent, stove, clothing, bedding, tools, and many lesser necessities.

8 White Pass Summit was not so steep as the Chilkoot, but in summer the trail beyond was a quagmire. Stories of the thousands of stinking, rotten horse and cattle carcasses along the route are reminiscent of those told by 49'ers of the Humboldt Sink.

9 The toll road to White Pass was the "rich man's" route and the only way to transport livestock from Lynn Canal to the headwaters of the Yukon. Horse-drawn sledges, such as these shown on Canyon Trail, carried freight along both routes.

10 Pack animals were cared for only so long as they could earn more carrying freight than it cost for hay to keep them. Here a group of teamsters attempt to pull a horse from a hole in the ice in Blue Canyon on the White Pass trail.

Once over the passes, the *cheechakos*—as old Alaskan hands called the gold seekers—whipsawed lumber in the hills above Lakes Lindeman and Bennett to build scows and boats that would carry them and their outfits the remaining 530 miles to Dawson.

Every proper Klondike outfit contained the tools, nails, and calking necessary to construct a boat, but few of the adventurers had ever built one. The results were imaginative: sometimes humorous, sometimes tragic. In 1897 more than 200 lives were lost in the rapids downstream.

13 The most treacherous stretch of the route to Dawson, the narrow gorge called Miles Canyon. Two other rapids, the Squaw and White Horse rapids, lay below. So many lives were lost in these wild waters in 1897 that the Mounties wouldn't let a boat through in 1898 without a certified pilot. Jack London made $3,000 as a pilot along this stretch in 1897.

14 Those who made it over the passes in the winter of 1897-98 built their boats before the ice had cleared and left as soon as the water was navigable. These scows were caught in an ice jam in Lake Marsh. The date: June 9, 1898.

18 Dawson, the most law-abiding frontier boom town in the history of the continent, thanks to the uncompromising Canadian Mounties, was overwhelmingly American in makeup. This obviously congenial crowd, which had converged on the post office to wait for the mail, obliged the photographer willingly, partly in the spirit of the times, and partly because this was the way to get a picture to send home. In 1898 photography still belonged largely to the professionals.

19 Life on the creeks was all hard work and monotony, but the gold was real. This was Eldorado 26 (the twenty-sixth claim below Discovery claim on Eldorado Creek), a typical rich claim. For eight months the land was frozen, and in the dead of winter the eternal night wore heavily on all. In summer the temperature never fell below eighty, and mosquitoes made life a misery.

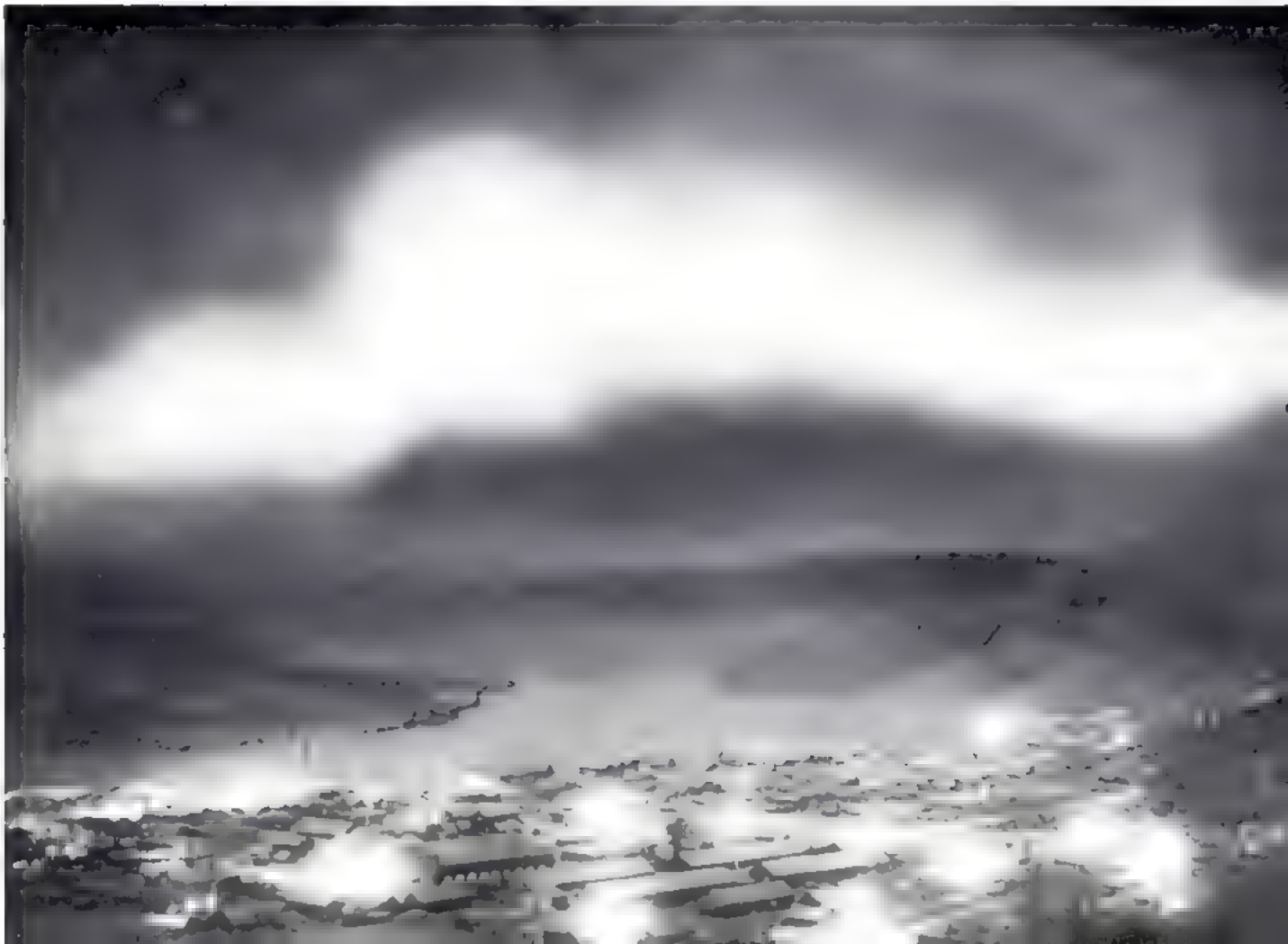
These two pictures (right), subtitled "Girl Wanted" and "A Group of Hard Workers," were widely sold by Dawson photographers. Life in the Klondike mines was old-fashioned hard work, but for those with gold the diversions were many and traditional—drink, gambling, dancehall girls, and so on. It was the adventure of a lifetime, to be sure, but most of the *cheechakos* were badly disappointed. For while paydirt was generally richer than any previously known, there were only so many miles of creek and all of them, good and bad, were staked before the end of summer 1897. Hundreds of men became Klondike "millionaires" (anyone with $50,000 or so qualified), but tens of thousands went home wiser, perhaps, but not richer. Many of the "Klondike Annies" of Paradise Alley (right) married and settled down to respectable, if routine, lives.

Dawson, true to frontier tradition, was a classic firetrap, and despite the presence of steam fire-fighting equipment, the town burned down three times—in December of 1897, October 1898, and April 1899. In both the '98 and '99 fires the weather was so cold that water froze in the fire hoses as it was drawn from the river. Here, in summer of 1898, a dog-drawn pumper races to a small fire under the appreciative gaze of what would appear to be half the town.

In 1898 river boats ventured into the headwaters of the Yukon and somehow negotiated the treacherous rapids above White Horse. Here crewmen pole a small paddlewheel steamer past dangerous rocks in Miles Canyon. The Yukon and its upper tributaries formed a 2250-mile highway, open only in summer, through Alaska and the Yukon Territory.

The White Pass and Yukon Railway, which stretched 111 miles between Skagway and White Horse, was completed in July of 1900. Built over difficult terrain (note the tenuous footing of the road on the mountainside beyond) to meet the navigable waters of the Yukon and thus connect Skagway directly with the interior, it marked the end of an epic American adventure.

Dawson lies awake here in its heyday beneath the dancing, evanescent northern lights. For three years Dawson held forth as the hub of the northern universe, but in summer of 1899 news of placer gold in the sands along the shore of the Bering Sea sparked a stampede second only to the days of 1897 and 1898 when "Ho for the Klondike!" was the cry. In 1899 the eyes of the world turned from Dawson to Nome, America's last wild-west town. But that is another tale.



WESTERN BOOKS

The Great West

■ BITTER STRENGTH: A HISTORY OF THE CHINESE IN THE UNITED STATES, 1850-1870. **By Gunther Barth** (*Cambridge, Harvard University Press, 1964. 305 pp., gloss., sources, notes, index, $5.95*).

A fringe benefit of the interest in American Negro history has been a revival in all areas of ethnic history, and the last few years has seen a change from paucity to plenty in regard to writings on the Chinese in the American West. Disregarding periodical literature, there was little for students of the subject except Mary Roberts Coolidge's *Chinese Immigration* (1909) until 1960. In that year, Rose Hum Lee of Hong Kong University started a steady flow of books with her *Chinese in the United States.* It was soon followed by S. W. Kung's *Chinese in American Life,* Kwang Ching Liu's *Americans and Chinese,* Peng Chiu's *Chinese Labor in California,* and this reviewer's history of the San Francisco tong wars, *The Hatchet Men.* But what we have not had is a scholarly overview of the whole subject of Chinese immigration to California and the United States at large and the acculturation of these most exotic of immigrants. With Gunther Barth's book, this gap is filled for the period 1850-70. It is well researched, documented, and readable. If we can secure from this University of California history professor, or from someone else, the full story of the Chinese sojourners in the period from 1870 to date, we shall have excellent coverage at last of this colorful field of study.

Richard H. Dillon
Sutro Library, San Francisco

■ A HISTORY OF OPERA IN THE AMERICAN WEST. **By Ronald L. Davis** (*Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, Prentice-Hall, 1965. 178 pp., illus., notes, index, $4.95*).

In a lively manner Ronald Davis surveys the history of opera in New Orleans, Chicago, San Francisco, Dallas, Central City, and Santa Fe. He describes the operatic tradition in these cities and analyzes successes and failures. Especially perceptive are his investigation of the rise and decline of opera in New Orleans and Chicago and the discussion of those cities' current problems. In light of their past glories, it is most disheartening to contemplate their present lackluster operatic status. Throughout, the reader finds a pleasing balance of the historical dimension with contemporary situations; the book is as much a current situation report as it is history.

The one episode where the study loses focus is the discussion of the Dallas Civic Opera, and perhaps this can be explained by an excess of native pride. In addition to devoting disproportionate space to each production starring Maria Callas, Davis indulges in a detailed account of the way Callas' separation proceedings against Giovanni Meneghini affected the 1959 season. Of course, it was exciting to those of us involved, but of doubtful historical significance.

The author's prose is sprightly, tending toward the informal, and his obvious enjoyment of his subject is reflected in the volume.

Walter Rundell, Jr.
American Historical Association

■ PROTESTANTS AND PIONEERS: INDIVIDUALISM AND CONFORMITY ON THE AMERICAN FRONTIER. **By T. Scott Miyakawa** (*Chicago and London, University of Chicago Press, 1964. 306 pp., refs., selected biblio., index, $7.50*).

Challenging the hypothesis that individualism was a frontier product, Boston University sociologist, T. Scott Miyakawa, concludes in a scholarly and penetrating study that American frontiersmen were surprisingly regi-

mented and conforming. He takes up an examination of the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Quakers in the Ohio River Valley, 1800-36, and finds that the western churchmen, far from being lone individuals in an atomistic society, were members of disciplined groups in an increasingly organized society which came to distrust cultural progress and had little understanding of the plight of ethnic and racial minorities. The popular frontier churches on the other hand helped to infuse secular society with traits now regarded as typically western—participation in voluntary organization, egalitarianism, the dignity of the individual, importance of achievement, and devotion to duty. *Protestants and Pioneers* may be regarded as a corrective to overstatements about the role of the frontier in American history; it is deserving of the closest attention by frontier historians.

C. Gregory Crampton

■ A GUIDE TO THE MILITARY POSTS OF THE UNITED STATES, 1789-1895. **By Francis Paul Prucha** (*Madison, State Historical Society of Wisconsin, 1964. 178 pp., illus., apps., biblio., $7.50*).

This guide has long been needed and will be welcomed by students of the West. The book contains a short and excellent summary of the army's long role in protecting the frontier; an alphabetical history of forts, camps, barracks, and cantonments; a set of detailed two-color maps by Erwin Raisz locating the posts in their topographical setting; an outline of army territorial commands; a bibliography, including archival sources, on military posts. It should be on every reference shelf.

■ THE AMERICAN FRONTIER: A SOCIAL AND LITERARY RECORD. *Edited* **by C. Merton Babcock** (*New York, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1965. 452 pp., $3.50 paper*).

Essays, articles, excerpts, literary pieces by writers like Cooper, Thoreau, Webb, Benton, Royce, Shinn—forty-nine in all are represented—make this an excellent sampling suitable for the classroom or the individual reader. Subjects included range from explorers and Indians to politics and manifest destiny.

Indians

■ THE SIOUX: LIFE AND CUSTOMS OF A WARRIOR SOCIETY. **By Royal B. Hassrick,** *in collaboration with Dorothy Maxwell and Cile M. Bach. Civilization of the American Indian Series* (*Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1964. 337 pp., illus., maps, apps., biblio., index, $5.95*).

In fifteen chapters which range from a discussion of the structure of Sioux society, through an analysis of their world view, to a consideration of the role of the individual in this society, Royal B. Hassrick guides his reader through the intricacies and complexities of Sioux or Teton Dakota life and culture as it existed at the climax of their development in the prereservation period of the nineteenth century. The book is not a history of the Sioux, but an ethnography in the anthropological sense, and unlikely as it may seem, the first such for this important tribal group despite the size and significance of the technical anthropological literature.

The book is another in the lengthy and rewarding series on the American Indian published by the University of Oklahoma Press; and the author, who has anthropological training and who has published in the technical literature on the Sioux, writes from direct research experience with the modern Sioux populations. Hassrick writes with authority and with a clarity of style; his Sioux live for the reader, and many of the conflicts and contradictions described for Sioux culture become understandable when Hassrick applies sociological interpretations. The area of analysis within the text which becomes less certain, and for me, less reliable, is that in which the author attempts psychological explanations. Phrases such as "ego involvement," "manic-depressive-like syndrome," and others, appear in the text as explanatory devices, where socio-cultural explanation in terms of the interrelationships of Sioux culture would be more pertinent.

These shifts into psychological terminology and generalization are few, however, and do not seriously mar a valuable contribution. The reader and collector of western Americana will be delighted with the text, with the profuse and excellent line drawings, and with the reproductions of Bodmer, Catlin, and other early paintings.

Elden Johnson
University of Minnesota

■ BATTLEFIELD AND CLASSROOM: FOUR DECADES WITH THE AMERICAN INDIAN, 1867-1904. **By Richard Henry Pratt.** *Edited with an Introduction by Robert M. Utley. Yale Western Americana Series, 6* (*New Haven and London, Yale University Press, 1964. 358 pp., illus., maps, index, $8.50*).

The long and active career of General Pratt was high-

lighted by eight years of service with the U. S. Army in some of the most energetic actions against the Indians of the southern plains (the Washita campaign of 1868-69 and the Red River War of 1874-75), and as jailor for the worst offenders of those who surrendered. This led him to the firm belief in, and support of, education for the Indian, to which he devoted twenty-five years of his life between 1879 and 1904. As founder and long-time superintendent of the Carlisle Indian School, he played a major role in the unfolding federal Indian policy. His memoirs offer an important insight into one of the most significant periods in the history of Indian-white relations. In his Introduction, Robert Utley says that Pratt's true significance lies in his role as a "determined, courageous, selfless worker in behalf of justice to a people suffering from four centuries of oppression by the dominant culture." Utley's notes through the work illuminate obscure passages and personalities. The book is another distinguished volume in Yale's western series.

■ A CHEYENNE SKETCHBOOK. **By Cohoe.** *Commentary by E. Adamson Hoebel and Karen Daniels Petersen. Civilization of the American Indian Series (Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1964. 96 pp., illus., index, $5.95).*

Cohoe was one of seventy-two Plains Indians whom Captain Richard H. Pratt escorted to prison at Fort Marion, Florida, in 1875. He encouraged his charges to develop their skills, including painting and sketching. Cohoe responded. Forcibly removed from a roving, active life, he sketched scenes of the free days on the plains—the elk and buffalo hunts, the feasts and rituals. There are a few sketches of the new life in captivity. Indians camping and fishing seem vicariously to be recalling the cherished former life. The commentators have analyzed in detail the twelve multicolored plates in *Cheyenne Sketchbook*. It offers a fine insight into the mind of the Indian as artist.

■ INDIAN AFFAIRS: A STUDY OF THE CHANGES IN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES TOWARD INDIANS. **By S. Lyman Tyler.** *Institute of American Indian Studies (Provo, Utah, Brigham Young University, 1964. 199 pp., notes, $3.00 paper).*

A scholarly review of the period since 1929, including a discussion of the "termination controversy," 1953-61.

■ NO TURNING BACK: A TRUE ACCOUNT OF A HOPI INDIAN GIRL'S STRUGGLE TO BRIDGE THE GAP BETWEEN THE WORLD OF HER PEOPLE AND THE WORLD OF THE WHITE MAN. **By Polingaysi Qoyawayma (Elizabeth Q. White)** *as told to Vada F. Carlson (Albuquerque, University of New Mexico Press, 1964. 180 pp., frontis., $5.00).*

Born in 1892 in old Oraibi, Elizabeth Q. White was one of the first Hopi children to receive a formal education; she was the first to become a teacher, a profession she followed for thirty years in government schools in Arizona and New Mexico. She recalls "with some pain" her "long struggle to span the great and terrifying chasm" between the two worlds.

■ KAIBAH: RECOLLECTION OF A NAVAJO GIRLHOOD. **By Kay Bennett** *with chapter illustrations by the author. Great West and Indian Series, XXVII (Los Angeles, Westernlore Press, 1964. 253 pp., $7.50).*

This is the intimate life story of a Navajo girl during the time between 1928 and 1938. Kay Bennett tells of the Indian's feeling toward the "white man's" depression, of the critical years of drought, and of the arbitrary destruction of sheep that brought hunger and privation.

■ THE UTE PEOPLE: A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL CHECKLIST. **By S. Lyman Tyler.** *Institute of American Indian Studies (Provo, Utah, Brigham Young University, 1964. 120 pp., $3.00 paper).*

Relating to the Utes and their linguistic relatives, the list, without critical comment, includes over twelve hundred titles including unpublished titles from the Spanish-Mexican archives and elsewhere.

■ PREHISTORIC MAN IN THE NEW WORLD. *Edited* **by Jesse D. Jennings** *and* **Edward Norbeck** *(published for William Marsh Rice University by The University of Chicago Press, 1964. 633 pp., illus., index, $10.00).*

Eighteen summary papers by scholars of which four by Robert F. Heizer, Jesse D. Jennings, Erik K. Reed, and Waldo R. Wedel cover the history of pre-Columbian man in western North America. Others relate to the Americas at large.

■ THE ARCHITECTURE OF PUEBLO BONITO. **By Neil M. Judd.** *Published under a grant from the National Geographic Society. Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections, Vol. 147, No. 1 (Washington, D. C., Smithsonian Institution, 1964. 349 pp., illus., apps., biblio., index, $6.00 paper).*

This is the fifth volume recording the more technical results of the National Geographic Society's researches in Chaco Canyon National Monument in northwestern New Mexico undertaken from 1921 to 1927. The first chapter is an absorbing history of archeological investigation and of the growth and decline of the prehistoric Pueblo as determined from archeological evidence.

■ A CENTURY OF DISHONOR: THE EARLY CRUSADE FOR INDIAN REFORM. **By Helen Hunt Jackson.** *Edited by Andrew F.*

Rolle (reprint, Harper Torchbooks, $1.95 paper). ■ A CENTURY OF DISHONOR: A SKETCH OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT'S DEALINGS WITH SOME OF THE INDIAN TRIBES. **By Helen Hunt Jackson.** *Facsimile reprint edition of 2,000 copies (Ross & Haines, $8.75 cloth).*

Although her indictment of United States Indian policy may have been distorted, Helen Hunt Jackson's book was most effective propaganda for reform which bore fruit in the Dawes Act of 1887. Andrew F. Rolle's Introduction in the Harper & Row edition gives the background of this influential book; the Ross & Haines edition is a facsimile of the 1885 edition.

J. Frank Dobie

■ COW PEOPLE. **By J. Frank Dobie.** *(Boston, Toronto, Little, Brown, 1964. 305 pp., illus., note on sources, index, $6.00).*

"My aim is to reveal human beings," Frank Dobie wrote in the introduction to *Cow People,* the first copy of which he received the morning of the day he died quietly in his sleep. "Nearly all of the characters are dead," he wrote. "They represent vanished ways and a vanished tempo. Yet no life of one time is alien to another time."

And reveal human beings Frank Dobie certainly did, most of all himself. That makes *Cow People* an important book, not a major work in the sense that *The Longhorns* and *The Mustangs* were, but a true and delightful book which reveals cowmen as they really were and the author as he really was—an unmatched chronicler of the West, a stylist whose mastery of his craft was sharpened with every year he lived, a man whose life was marked by ever increasing amplitude of thought and spirit.

Many of the men who live within the pages of *Cow People* have figured in other books by Frank Dobie and in his newspaper columns and magazine articles. But it is good to have them here all together. Early in the 1920's, Dobie said, he began "setting down on paper narratives by old time men of the soil and saddle. As one talked, I might jot down proper names, but seldom took notes. Immediately after hearing what was meat to me, I would go apart and write out... the talk while it was still hot and detailed in my memory."

No doubt Frank Dobie's "constructive memory," which, he once said, never permitted him "to let facts get in the way of truth," enhanced many of the tales which he tells in this richly human book. But real people emerge, true in all essence to the life of the West, none of them bearing the least resemblance to the cowboys of popular Westerns, motion pictures, and television, who —in Dobie's words—"have never known humanity, sucking calves, before-daylight freshness, evening shadows."

Among the people you will meet in *Cow People* are such widely diverse characters as Charles Goodnight "who made a deeper imprint on the Great Plains than any other man who has lived there"; Ike Pryor, the cattleman who "never went broke and never ceased to regard himself with approbation"; Shanghai Pierce, "rough and vaunting," with "a voice too loud for indoor use"; the cowboy called Snort who was bitten in the nose by a "hydrophobia skunk," and in the arm by a rattlesnake, but who survived because of fantastic doses of "the right medicine"—whiskey—forced upon him all the long way to Midland and to a doctor who prescribed more of the same; Old Ablos, the drunken Mexican trail boss of the King Ranch who delivered his herds to Dodge City in better shape than anybody else's by taking it *muy despacio,* but who finally one day sent word by his son that he couldn't take out his herd because "he had to stay home to die"; Ab Blocker, the trail boss "who claimed to have looked down the backs of more cows and to have drunk more water out of more cow tracks than any other man who ever pointed a herd toward the North Star"; Findley Simpson, the authentic liar whose art lay "in giving homely, realistic details to everything connected with his preposterous inventions; unlike the Bishops of all religions, he did not expect his impossibilities to be believed," and finally Frank Dobie's own father, "a straightout cowman," deeply religious, who prayed "for those in authority over us" but not for rain or high prices for cattle, and who sang "What a Friend We Have in Jesus" to his cattle.

In addition to sketches of individuals, *Cow People* contains memorable essays on a variety of aspects of their lives—"Talk and Silence," "Man and Horse," "Within the Code," "The Right Tempo," "Loyalties," and others. Perhaps the most effective of all is the essay called "The Drouthed," in which he speaks movingly of what rain means in a country of little rain.

When it rains, animals understand that grass is coming. Understanding by instinct is sometimes more beautiful than under-

standing by reasoning powers. Horses out in the pasture will dash about playfully as if they were colts. Calves will chase away from cows. Deer and other wild animals are likewise quickened. All the lightning that I have in all my life seen flash and race, whether in sheets or forked lines, has been beautiful. ... Rain may not accompany thunder and lightning, but it is promised. Coming together they give life one of its climaxes.

The week Frank Dobie died rain fell on his beloved ranch Paisano, quickening the rocky hillsides with fresh green and sending Barton Creek surging over its long-dry bed.

Frank H. Wardlaw, Director
University of Texas Press

■ LEGENDS OF TEXAS. *Edited* by **J. Frank Dobie.** *Publications of the Texas Folklore Society, III (reprint edition, Hatboro, Pennsylvania, Folklore Associates, 1964. 278 pp., illus., index, $7.50).* ■ HAPPY HUNTING GROUND. *Edited* by **J. Frank Dobie.** *Publications of the Texas Folklore Society, IV (reprint edition, Hatboro, Pennsylvania, Folklore Associates, 1964. 126 + 22 pp., illus., index, $4.00).*

J. Frank Dobie was secretary and editor of the Texas Folklore Society, 1921-46. He later regarded the *Legends of Texas,* containing numerous articles by him, Bertha Dobie, W. P. Webb, and others, issued in 1924 and now reprinted, to have been one of the most influential books in opening the eyes of the people to their own traditions. Under Dobie's active editorship, the society published a long series of annual volumes, like *Happy Hunting Ground,* full of the life of the folk not only of Texas but of the West, Mexico, and elsewhere.

Southwest and Mexico

■ ATTACK AND COUNTERATTACK: THE TEXAS-MEXICAN FRONTIER, 1842. **By Joseph Milton Nance** *(Austin, University of Texas Press, 1965. 764 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $8.50).*

Some years ago Joseph Milton Nance set himself the almost herculean task of telling the complete story in elaborate detail of the frontier between Texas and Mexico during the period of the Republic of Texas. Now that task is reaching its culmination. Under the title, *After San Jacinto: The Texas-Mexican Frontier, 1836-1841,* the first volume appeared in 1963. The second is before us now, and the final volume is due within a year. When the trilogy has been completed, it seems absolutely safe to predict that the definitive account of Texas-Mexican relations from 1836 to 1845 will have been told.

The story of the Texas Revolution against Mexico has been tackled by all sorts of writers, serious and otherwise. The political and social history of the Republic of Texas has been thoroughly worked out. If one read only these narratives and stopped at this point, he might wonder why Texas-Mexican relations have been so bitter for a century and a quarter. The most obvious evidence of this long-time continuing friction is shown by the fact that until President John F. Kennedy appointed Thomas Mann to be United States ambassador to Mexico in 1961, intelligent opinion held that despite the fact that Texas and Mexico had many problems and experiences in common, Mexicans under no circumstances would accept an ambassador with a Texas background. With Mann's apparently successful ministry, that phase of Texas-Mexican friction seems at last to have ended.

In relating his story Professor Nance has worked both sides of the Rio Grande, the first time that any *norteamericano* has troubled himself to examine Mexican records in any depth for this period. The Mexicans, on the other hand, have utilized their sources but have tended to neglect those sources in English. If it were no more than a judicious and objective utilization of both Mexican and Texas sources, this project would be a contribution to our knowledge of the American West in its larger sense.

But the books are more than that. After carefully laying his setting, Nance tells how the Mexicans and Texans worked on each other, how their cultures met and collided, how attempts at peaceful settlement and trade were plagued by irresponsible adventurers and idealistic empire builders, and how neither side could stay out of the other's affairs. When the Mexican Federalists felt that the Mexican government was rushing pell-mell down the *camino* to centralism, those same loyal Federalists naturally tried to list the recently detached Texans on their side. Some Texans, idealistic or not, were ready to fight for Mexican federalism, and the Mirabeau B. Lamar administration apparently encouraged unofficial participation by its citizens, much to the dismay of many Texans who felt that at this juncture, the less relations with Mexico, the better.

When again in 1839-40 an attempt was made to form the Republic of the Rio Grande in Texas as an intended buffer between the republics of Texas and Mexico,

Texans joined in on the planning, and some Texans would have liked to have helped with the carving out of this separate state. Meanwhile hotspurs on both sides were always making threats against the other's territory, threats that sometimes were followed by sporadic invasions of sovereign territory. To the Texans the invading Mexicans were just that—invaders; to the Mexicans, the Texans who crossed over were just plain bandits. In both instances, to the people at home, their set of invaders were patriots.

What all this activity did was to feed a war spirit which Nance treats at some length. The reader can almost feel the rise of an expansionist tempo on the part of the Texans which was due to fuse the spirit of the West. Although the Mexican War was several years ahead, its seeds were well planted in this period, as the author so satisfactorily points out.

Each year the Texas Institute of Letters gives a $500 prize to the author who makes the greatest contribution to knowledge in the state of Texas for that year. Almost immediately after its appearance, *After San Jacinto* won the 1963 award. This was one judge's decision with which this reviewer cannot quarrel. The continuing high standard of *Attack and Counterattack* only makes the border scholar confident that the third volume will realize the expectations aroused by the first two and will complete the project on the high plane so grandly conceived.

Joe B. Frantz
University of Texas

■ LEON GASPARD. **By Frank Waters** *(Flagstaff, Arizona, Northland Press, 1964. 114 pp., illus., $14.50).*

Leon Gaspard was born in Russia in 1882 and died in Taos in 1964. Frank Waters' text is an intimate portrait of the man and the painter, a world figure who was at home in Paris or Peking, Tibet or Taos. Fourteen full-color plates, and some halftones, are reproduced in this handsome book: these are scenes and places around the world chosen to illustrate Gaspard's feeling for space, form, and color. Six of the color plates are reproductions of his paintings of Indian life in the Southwest.

■ MAXWELL LAND GRANT: A NEW MEXICO ITEM. **By William A. Keleher.** *Limited edition of 750 copies (rev. ed., New York, Argosy-Antiquarian, 1965. 166 pp., illus., map, sources, index, $10.00).*

This book is more than an item. For the sixty-odd years after it was granted by the Mexican government in 1841, Keleher sums up the dramatic legal and political history of the huge (2,680 square miles) Maxwell land grant astride the New Mexico-Colorado boundary. Minor revisions have been made in the first (1942) edition.

■ OLD MINING CAMPS OF NEW MEXICO, 1854-1904. *Selections from the writings of* **Fayette A. Jones** *(Santa Fe, Stagecoach Press, 1964. 92 pp., illus., index, $4.95).*

The many human and historical details about some eighty camps first published in Jones's geological treatise, *New Mexico Mines and Minerals* (1904), are reprinted here in attractive format.

■ DESCRIPTION OF NUEVO LEON, MEXICO (1735-1740). **By Don Josseph Antonio Fernández de Jáuregui Urrutia.** *Edited by Malcolm D. McLean and Eugenio del Hoyo. Translated by Malcolm D. McLean (Monterrey, Mexico, Summer School of the Instituto Tecnológico y de Estudios Superiores de Monterrey, 1964; and Fort Worth, Texas Christian University, 1964. 117 pp., map, biog., index).*

The wild tribes were a persistent threat to Spain's eighteenth-century frontier in North America. In this work, now translated into English, Governor Fernández complains to the king that Nuevo León, adjoining Texas on the south, is weak and threatened on all sides by hostile Indians, and he pleas for remedial measures. He may not have gotten much help, but he left a valuable description of the province, including a history of the threatening tribes.

■ THE MAKING OF MODERN MEXICO. **By Frank R. Brandenburg.** *Introduction by Frank Tannenbaum (Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, Prentice-Hall, 1964. 379 pp., map, note on sources, index, $8.95).*

This is a scholarly explanation of how a revolution-ridden country moved from a primitive agricultural economy to one increasingly industrial and complex, and resting upon popular consensus. The rise of the "Mexican Proposition" and the Mexican Renaissance from Pancho Villa to Díaz Ordaz accomplished the most sweeping transformation in Mexican life since the arrival of Cortés. The book interprets cause and effect of the dramatic emergence of a modern nation.

■ THE CARIBBEAN: MEXICO TODAY. *Edited* **by A. Curtis Wilgus.** *Center for Latin American Studies, Series One, Vol. XIV (Gainesville, University of Florida Press, 1964. 232 pp., map, index, $7.50).*

A searching consideration of contemporary Mexico—politics, economy, society, culture, foreign affairs—by distinguished panelists at a recent conference on the Carib-

bean held at the University of Florida. In an essay on historical writing, Arturo Arnáiz y Freg of the National University of Mexico writes: "History, bereft of art, written without that sheen given by the intellect, is only a barren quarry, a useless conveyor of new discoveries taken out of one tomb only to be hidden in another."

Northwest

■ THE FIST IN THE WILDERNESS. **By David Lavender** *(Garden City, New York, Doubleday, 1964. 490 pp., maps, notes, biblio., index, $5.95).*

It is time that Ramsay Crooks found an adequate biographer, and although the American Fur Company has fared better than he, both enjoy definitive historical treatment in David Lavender's latest book. Lavender has discharged his task with great thoroughness and care, and the result is a study of the same high quality as *Bent's Fort*. Although the narrative sparkles with choice writing, particularly in the chapters that deal with Astoria and Michilimackinac, the reader never senses distortion or subjectivity.

Such caution is necessary in approaching the ghost of Crooks: he will always be a wraith in the annals of the fur trade because of the absence of any color associated with him in the known documents. Probing deeply into this literature, Lavender comes up with a number of hypotheses about this Scot who was as dour as Scots are supposed to be, but he labels each guess as being exactly that. Crooks offers, moreover, the puzzles of all fur traders when he drops from view for months at a time at critical points, but Lavender reasons out conjectures which can stand until new evidence appears.

Painstaking, step-by-step analysis leads to fresh peerings into the murky motivations of David Thompson, Jacob Miller, and Robert McClellan. Concerning the picture of John Jacob Astor, Lavender fills out certain details, but here he is quick to acknowledge the excellences of Kenneth W. Porter's study. Actually, Lavender's real contribution seems to be a shift in emphasis so as to throw Astor's portrait onto the continental backdrop.

The backdrop is the important thing. In the end, we do not see Ramsay Crooks or even Astor so clearly as we recognize the vast and complex forces that played upon them and the other exploiters of the American wilderness. We are so accustomed to clichés about "fur trade and empire" that we forget that remarkably few studies really associate the two notions. Lavender does.

Philip C. Sturges
University of Utah

■ FOLLOWING THE FRONTIER WITH F. JAY HAYNES: PIONEER PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE OLD WEST. **By Freeman Tilden** *(New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1964. 406 pp., illus., app., index, $12.95).*

Alfred A. Knopf once remarked, "History ought to be well researched and popularly written, with style and grace." Freeman Tilden's careful study of the pioneer photographer, F. Jay Haynes, is such a book. Haynes worked in the Northwest exclusively from 1876 to 1916, photographing a wider range of daily activities than is usual with commercial photographers. The time is here when more serious attention should be given to pioneer photographers. Robert Taft was the first to focus serious attention on the subject in his *Photography and the American Scene* (1942). His legacy is now beginning to bear choice fruit. The full contributions of many other western cameramen are at last beginning to be properly assessed by historians. The photographs of such artists as Timothy O'Sullivan, William Henry Jackson, Jack Hillers, Carleton E. Watkins, Alfred A. Hart, did much to create a popular image of the western horizon.

F. Jay Haynes may stand with these men, and surpass some of them. He was both a craftsman of extraordinary ability as well as a successful merchant and businessman. His careful technique allowed him to produce a nearly faultless body of brilliantly executed photographic images. As a visual recorder of the western scene of 1876-1916, he is well in the front rank. His work as the photographer for the Northwestern, Pacific Railroad happily allows us to see a wide range of diverse views, far in excess of many other pioneer photographers, restricted to one locale. Tilden's text, popularly written, appropriately recreates the "time and place" of Haynes' work. The careful halftone reproduction of the photographs is unusually well done, the typography excellent. This is the best book yet on a single western photographer.

Robert A. Weinstein
Los Angeles

■ ONE MAN'S MONTANA: AN INFORMAL PORTRAIT OF A STATE. **By John K. Hutchens** *(Philadelphia and New York, Lip-*

pincott, 1964. 221 pp., $4.95).

There is something about Montana that makes it next to impossible to write a dull book about it. One man who found this true is John Hutchens, a New York newspaperman who journeyed to Montana in 1917 with his father. In 1962 he returned rather apprehensively to his boyhood haunts after thirty years to find the old Montana still casting a spell and old memories coming back to life. The resulting book is a delightful personal recollection of places and people in a dramatic place and time.

As a lad Hutchens listened to old-timers discussing everything from the hanging of Henry Plummer to the Custer battle and learned, among other things, that the man in the sagebrush had no earthly use for George Armstrong Custer.

There were certain aspects of life in a mining town like Virginia City which the oldsters rightly felt should be treated with circumspection in the presence of youthful ears. "But," says the author, "as usual they got to talking among themselves and forgot that I was there." So young John Hutchens got the lowdown.

Helena Huntington Smith
Alexandria, Virginia

■ REVOLUTION IN SEATTLE: A MEMOIR. **By Harvey O'Connor** (*New York, Monthly Review Press, 1964. 300 pp., illus., apps., notes, index, $5.00*) ■ THE SEATTLE GENERAL STRIKE. **By Robert L. Friedheim** (*Seattle, University of Washington Press, 1964. 224 pp., illus., notes, index, $5.00*).

Harvey O'Connor's *Revolution in Seattle* and Robert Friedheim's *The Seattle General Strike* both deal with labor unrest and radical agitation in that state which James Farley once called "the Soviet of Washington." The two books are very different, however, in scope, tenor, and interpretation. O'Connor, a former radical activist, has written a vivid, sympathetic memoir which combines recollection with careful research. Although his account is highly accurate, it is primarily concerned with the radical movement and leaves the reader with the impression of widespread radicalism in World War I Seattle.

By contrast, Friedheim, professor of political science at Purdue University, presents a rigorously scholarly study of the Seattle general strike of 1919 which concludes that the concept of a "Seattle Revolution" is a myth engendered by conservative alarmists and perpetuated by "nostalgic old radicals." "The Seattle General Strike," he writes, "was not a revolution. All available evidence points clearly to the fact that revolution was not actively attempted by the strikers. Nor is there any evidence to indicate that the strikers *intended* to overthrow the prevailing political and economic system...."

Alfred A. Cave
University of Utah

■ DEBATERS AND DYNAMITERS: THE STORY OF THE HAYWOOD TRIAL. **By David H. Grover.** *Studies in History Series, No. 4* (*Corvallis, Oregon State University Press, 1964. 310 pp., illus., biblio., index, $6.00*).

A revisionist account of the 1907 trial of Big Bill Haywood for the bomb murder of former Idaho Governor Frank Steunenberg. In a careful analysis of courtroom rhetoric, Grover argues that Darrow's effectiveness in the trial has been greatly exaggerated. He also challenges the pro-Darrow, pro-radical bias which, in his judgment, has marred most accounts of this incident in western labor history.

■ LAST GRASS FRONTIER: THE SOUTH DAKOTA STOCK GROWER HERITAGE. **By Bob Lee** *and* **Dick Williams.** *Sponsored by South Dakota Stock Growers Association* (*Sturgis, South Dakota, Black Hills Publishers, 1964. 456 pp., illus., index, $6.00*).

A history of the cattle industry of South Dakota and of the Stock Growers Association.

■ VANGUARDS OF THE FRONTIER: A SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE NORTHERN PLAINS AND ROCKY MOUNTAINS FROM THE FUR TRADERS TO THE SOD BUSTERS. **By Everett Dick.** (*reprint, Bison Books, $1.85 paper*).

California

■ THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA: WILLIAM PERKINS' JOURNAL OF LIFE AT SONORA, 1849-1852. *Introduction and Annotations* **by Dale L. Morgan** *and* **James R. Scobie** (*Berkeley and Los Angeles, University of California Press, 1964. 424 pp., app., index, $8.50*).

The *Journal* of William Perkins is a rare and good book on the gold rush. Most California-bound diarists had much to say about the rush but little about mining. Perkins is brief about his travels, but once in the diggings

he opens up like a flower in the sun and his journal is full of life. The editors' notes and lengthy Introduction provide a thorough background for Perkins' work.

■ GOLD FLEET FOR CALIFORNIA: FORTY-NINERS FROM AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND. **By Charles Bateson** (*East Lansing, Michigan State University Press, 1964. 172 pp., illus., refs., apps., index, $7.50*).

Before the year 1849 was a month old, Australians and New Zealanders were racing toward California. Between seven and eight thousand people of all classes and in all kinds of vessels—from big sailing ships to little cutters under twenty tons—undertook the long haul. Few struck it rich, and the tide turned back when in 1851 gold was discovered in Australia by argonauts returned from California. In his *Gold Fleet* Charles Bateson has written of the human drama of men and ships rushing across the Pacific after gold in California. His work rests solidly on years of research in the primary sources.

■ SAN FRANCISCO AS IT IS: GLEANINGS FROM THE "PICAYUNE." *Edited and annotated* **by Kenneth M. Johnson.** *Limited edition of 1,000 copies* (*Georgetown, California, Talisman Press, 1964. 285 pp., illus., sources, index, $10.00*).

This is a gathering of columns which appeared in the San Francisco *Evening Picayune* from August 1850 to April 1852. Anticipating modern columnists, the authors of these pieces wrote of such things as a remedy for fleas, the vigilance committee, destructive fires, the Chinese, city improvements, and California and the mines. Here is a mirror of "The City" as the metropolis of gold-rush California. The editor's extensive notes explain obscure points and identify personalities.

■ THE SONGS OF THE GOLD RUSH. *Edited with Introduction* **by Richard A. Dwyer** *and* **Richard E. Lingenfelter.** *Music edited with guitar arrangements by David Cohen* (*Berkeley and Los Angeles, University of California Press, 1964. 200 pp., $3.50 paper*).

Eighty-eight authentic songs as they were written and sung in the mining camps of California. All but a few are set to the original music.

■ DISEÑOS OF CALIFORNIA RANCHOS: MAPS OF THIRTY-SEVEN LAND GRANTS, 1822-1846, FROM THE RECORDS OF THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT, SAN FRANCISCO. **By Robert H. Becker.** *Limited edition of 400 copies* (*San Francisco, Book Club of California, 1964. 122 pp. + 37 diseños, note on sources, $55.00 distributed to members only*).

The rancho, a free grant of government land, was the basis of much of the economic life in Mexican California. As there were no official surveyors, it was necessary for each grantee to submit a sketch map, or *diseño,* of the property before title could ensue. Once California fell to the United States, the Mexican rancheros were obliged to defend their land titles before American tribunals. The papers submitted in these cases constitute an enormous and important historical archive now in the Bancroft Library. This beautiful book, done by the Grabhorn Press in San Francisco, is a sampling of these records; it contains thirty-seven of the *diseños* reproduced in facsimile—twenty-seven are in color. For each of the sketch maps, Robert H. Becker has written an accompanying explanatory and historical essay. The book is an illuminating document of the life and times in Mexican California.

■ THE WESTERNERS BRAND BOOK NUMBER 11: THE CALIFORNIA DESERTS, THEIR PEOPLE, THEIR HISTORY, AND THEIR LEGENDS (*Glendale, California, Los Angeles Corral, 1964. 250 pp., illus., index, $20.00*).

The Los Angeles Westerners have assembled a dozen articles on prehistory, ghost towns, reminiscences, freighting, slave trade, soldiering, Colorado River, and Death Valley. There are numbers of historical photographs, including a portfolio by Burton Frasher.

■ THE GLORY YEARS: THE HISTORY OF SAN DIEGO. **By Richard F. Pourade.** *Commissioned by James S. Copley. Volume Four of a Series on the Historic Birthplace of California* (*San Diego, Union-Tribune Publishing Company, 1964. 274 pp., illus., chron., historical statistics, credits, biblio., index, $9.50*).

■ A BASIC HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA. **By Don E. Fehrenbacher.** *Anvil Originals* (*Princeton, New Jersey, Van Nostrand Company, 1964. 192 pp., app., biblio., index, $1.45 paper*).

The chief witness put up by the Veramendi estate was Angus McNeill—the man named by Bowie in his dowry contract as holding $20,000 for investment in textile machinery. McNeill had served in the Texas legislature; his integrity had been attacked; his memory seemed good. He testified that he became acquainted with Bowie in Mississippi in 1826 and knew him intimately from that time till the fall of 1835, when he came to Texas with him, accompanied by Dr. William Richardson. According to McNeill, Dr. Richardson had twice attended Bowie during dangerous attacks of illness, once in McNeill's own house. On the trip to Texas, Dr. Richardson carried $80,000 that a company of men had raised to invest in lands. This Dr. William Richardson, it may be added, served as surgeon in the Texas army.

Bowie, Angus McNeill testified, "was a splendid man of the most fascinating manners, exceedingly lavish in the expenditure of money. He had an extraordinary capacity for getting money from his friends. Dr. Richardson was very much under his influence, as were most of his other friends." Richardson, a man of ample means, was liberal and generous. Bowie could easily have obtained $5,000 from him and then have conveyed the league of land to him as all he had to pay. Be all this as it may, the courts held that half of the league still belonged to Ursula's heirs.

James Bowie was an adventurer of the first order, but he was more. For one thing, he never indulged in cant. No man could say of him as Lord Birkenhead said of a piety-pretending politician: "I am not especially offended when my opponent cheats at cards, but I find it nauseating when, having cheated and won, he ascribes his success to intervention of the Most High." Bowie was as fearless as nature makes men, and always his deeds of bravery were coupled with the "art of daring." Take his last authenticated gesture. He was on a cot, sick unto death, the evening Travis drew with the point of his sword that immortal line across Alamo earth and invited all who would stay and die with him to step over. "Boys," Bowie requested, "will some of you kindly lift my cot across?"

Cato in his eulogy on Pompey said: "The happiest men are those who choose to die at the right time; the next happiest are those compelled to die at the right time." Jim Bowie chose his death and was likewise compelled to it.

Bowie was a legend—a gaudy legend of gaudy violence—long before he died. No *deus ex machina* in Greek tragedy ever extricated a character from peril more neatly than the Alamo extricated Bowie from defeat in life and from tarnish on reputation. For the popular mind, particularly of posterity, the Alamo blotted out all but the heroic and noble from the records.

The primary sources on Bowie's early life are two sketches by his brothers. That by John J. is more extensive and detailed. It was contributed by "Dr. Kilpatrick, of Trinity, Louisiana," who evidently rhetorized it somewhat to *De Bow's Review* (New Orleans, October, 1852), XIII, 378-382. Rezin P. Bowie's letter, dated from Iberville, Louisiana, August 24, 1838, reprinted from the *Planters' Advocate*, appeared in *Niles' National Register* (Washington, D.C.), V, September 1838- March 1839, 70. Both are fully quoted, with unclear references, by Raymond W. Thorp, in *Bowie Knife* (Albuquerque, New Mexico, 1948). Though lacking in orderly arrangement, his book assembles considerable scattered and recondite material bearing on the Bowie knife.

Walter Worthington Bowie, *The Bowies and Their Kindred: A Genealogical and Biographical History* (Washington, D.C., 1899) is good on ancestry and on life of the Bowies in Louisiana. A long sketch of Bowie by John Henry Brown (a Texan) in *The Encyclopedia of the New West* (Marshall, Texas, 1881), 433-438, is laudatory in places and, therefore, false to reality, but contributes to a comprehension of the man.

The best assemblage of facts about the man in recent times is by Amelia Williams, in "A Critical Study of the Siege of the Alamo," *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, XXXVI and XXXVII, 1933-1934. Pages 90-103 of Vol. XXXVII sketch the life of Bowie. Yet in this scholarly work, certain facts detractive to the character of Bowie are smoothed down.

More realistic, but skimpy on biographical facts in contrast to fullness on knife lore, is Edward Gay Rohrbough, "James Bowie and the Bowie Knife in Fact and Fancy" (Master's thesis, University of Texas, 1938). Mr. Rohrbough, of West Virginia, had read my essay, "Bowie and the Bowie Knife," in the *Southwest Review* (1931), XVI, 351-368. He came to the University of Texas to write a study on Bowie under my direction.

Bowie's part in the Texas Revolution is in virtually all histories of Texas, though his drunken conduct at the Alamo and quarrels with Travis are generally omitted.

Undocumented, but based entirely on archive material in San Antonio and on court records, Edward S. Sears, "The Low Down on Jim Bowie," *Texas Folklore Society Publications*, No. XIX, 1944, 175-199, gives many facts. The essay is confused in composition, and the writer was highly prejudiced against Bowie. Yet I am positive that he did not fake alleged facts. He lived in San Antonio and came several times to Austin to consult me on his study. He died in 1944.

A farrago of material bearing on Bowie is contained in the W. W. Fontaine Papers, in the Archives of the Eugene C. Barker Texas History Center, at the University of Texas. A large part of it was supplied in 1890 by John S. Moore of New Orleans, grandson of Rezin P. Bowie. He claimed to know a lot for which he supplies no proof. Wishing his ancestral kin to be respectable as well as distinguished, he denies that they smuggled slaves.

C. L. Douglas, *James Bowie: The Life of a Bravo* (Dallas, 1944), is semi-fictioned journalese but contains valid quotations on and

from Bowie. The best novel on Bowie may be Paul I. Wellman, *The Iron Mistress* (Garden City, New York, 1951). *Tempered Blade* (1946) by Monte Barrett (1897-1949) is another novel on Bowie, strong on San Antonio and Mexican background.

In "The Lost San Saba Mine," with appended notes in *Coronado's Children* (1930), I gave some of the facts and told the legend of Bowie's search for Spanish silver or gold. In the chapter entitled "Jim Bowie's Knife," in *Tales of Old-Time Texas* (1955), I assembled all the facts and tales then known to me pertaining to the Bowie knife. The sources for this chapter are extensively cited, though additional newspaper reprintings of some Bowie knife tales could have been added

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American Indians and American History *continued*

ticular men and classes of men, has been lavished... upon plain Indians sachems and war-chiefs, without perceiving that thereby the poor Indian was grievously wronged, for he had not invented such institutions nor formed such a society as these terms imply."

Morgan examined at length the rather propertyless Indian world in relation to modern civilization in the book that became his most influential if it was not his best—*Ancient Society*. This book was used by Marx and Engels in writing the final two volumes of *Das Kapital;* it was regarded by Karl Marx as an important fundamental work and accordingly became a classic in socialist literature, and has circled the world in many translations. Marx's notes on Morgan have been published in Russian, but he did not live to write the book he envisioned on Morgan's theories. Friedrich Engels wrote it instead, and included therein yet another reading of Peter Martyr's Indian rhapsody: "No soldiers, no gendarmes or police, no nobles, kings, regents, prefects, or judges, no prisons, no lawsuits.... All are equal and free...."

Let it be readily admitted that all this vaunted Indian freedom may have been only a persistent illusion. The shelves of testimony as to the alleged nobility of the unspoiled savage can certainly be matched by shelves of testimony showing the unspoiled savage to be brutish, depraved, insensate, unclean, ill-mannered, impious, unregenerate in his addiction to his nasty foods and indecent clothes, and in every respect far from respectable. (Everyone knows Mark Twain's reflections on the Gosiutes of the Utah deserts:

> ...the wretchedest type of mankind I have ever seen...I refer to the Goshoot Indians...indolent...prideless beggars...savages who, when asked if they have the common Indian belief in a Great Spirit show a something which almost amounts to emotion, thinking whisky is referred to...wherever one finds an Indian tribe he has only found Goshoots more or less modified by circumstances and surroundings—but Goshoots, after all. They deserve pity, poor creatures! and they can have mine—at this distance.)

But whether the freedom was illusory or not, the point is that the Indian *seemed* free, to European eyes, gloriously free, to the European soul shaped by centuries of toil and tyranny, and this impression operated profoundly on the process of history and on the development of America. Something in the peculiar character of the Indian world gave an impression of classlessness, of propertylessness, that in turn led to an impression, as H. H. Bancroft put it, of "humanity unrestrained...in the exercise of liberty absolute."

The basic difference between the Indian and European worlds may have been in the attitude toward property. The European way of life (with some notable exceptions) was basically one of individual competition for the acquisition of property, to the point that it would probably be more correct to describe white frontier expansionists as property-hungry rather than land-hungry, thus encompassing the powerful forces of land and mineral speculation as well as the humble settlers willing to be contented with small land holdings for the time being.

The basic Indian attitude (also with some notable exceptions) seems to have leaned more often toward cooperation in the use of property in common, rather than competition to acquire private property. This would have helped create an appearance of classless freedom in Indian life, along with an apparent lack of striving and an emphasis on the nonmaterial satisfactions that would result from a prevailing interest in matters other than work for profit. It might be said, in sum, that the Indian world was devoted to living while the European world was devoted to getting. This may well be the essence of the Indian world and the Indian image.

This essence has been an incalculable force in American history, and was at the same time the structural weakness that made inevitable the collapse of the Indian world when it came into general conflict with a materialistic civilization.

This essential difference has been a principal obstacle throughout the centuries in keeping the white and Indian worlds from direct communication, from direct understanding of each other. The word most often used by whites to describe Indians was "indolent." They would not work hard and thriftily because they simply were not

sufficiently interested in acquiring property and nursing its increase—scandalous, but the Indian's gods were at other altars. This essence of the Indian image, rendering the Indian incomprehensible but coloring him free, has wrought changes in the soul and outlook of modern man while keeping the Indian himself, and his place in the historical process of such change, beyond the pale of understanding.

The effects of Indian participation in American history may appear wherever Indians have appeared, directly or indirectly. There are innumerable other avenues of possible Indian historical influences that have not been touched on in this short survey. The federation of the United Colonies of New England in 1643, for example, was the first union of English settlements in America, and came not only as a result of the Pequot war but possibly in some imitation of the many Indian confederacies—which appear to have been the typical supratribal states in aboriginal North America. The first formal intercolonial conference outside New England was held in 1684 at Albany, at the urging of the Iroquois and to meet with Iroquois spokesmen. The six most important colonies met in 1754 with the object of working out a plan of colonial union; these delegates also met in Albany, where for so many years by that time delegates from the several colonies had been gathering to meet with the Iroquois. The prevalent Indian institution of government by council (most Indian chiefs were inventions of Europeans) may have been one of the various factors contributing to the form of modern American republics. Or, at the opposite end of the spectrum, effects of the subtlest sort may be ascertainable—scars on the American soul, perhaps, from acts of more or less open conspiracy or persecution, as in extremist anti-Indian policies carried out in Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and Texas. Or hitherto unexpected links may be discovered between the Indian image and modern views of art, philosophy, or morals. Or studies of Indian attitudes based on a prevailing interest in matters other than work for profit may have something to offer in visions of a future which anticipate an immense technological unemployment; Gerard Piel writes, in *Consumers of Abundance*, a pamphlet published by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions: "What takes the place of wages in a workless society?... The wampum hoard that confers prestige in one culture becomes the potlatch of another...."Or Indian studies may bear on the future in a different direction in the view of the late Benjamin Lee Whorf, whose analysis of Hopi language led him to speculate that American Indian languages might open "the way to possible new types of logical thought and new methods of preceiving the universe...."

The important point is that the Indian world may really have been a genuine, influential civilization worth taking seriously in American history. It may really have been a civilization so firmly committed to its strange attitudes that it nourished its own conquerors and abetted its own conquest. It may really have been a civilization so incomprehensibly foreign to Europeans that Europeans could not recognize its existence even while in mortal embrace with it, somewhat as in the case of the "dark planets" imagined by Alfred North Whitehead that move on a scale of space and time so radically different from our own as to be undetectable to our sense and instruments. And finally it may have been a civilization affecting not only our past but still to affect our future.

Within this still-unexplored civilization, said Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, "some general and fundamental laws in human development are certainly hiding...."

From the collision of this New World civilization with the Old the modern world and particularly modern America was born. Without the Indian side of that story its history is only half written.

W. N. Fenton, *American Indian and White Relations to 1830* (Chapel Hill, 1957), includes a fine bibliography prepared by L. H. Butterfield, Wilcomb E. Washburn, and William N. Fenton. Reference to this bibliography alone should be sufficient for readers wishing to pursue further most matters in the foregoing essay. Classic works basic to these matters, such as Adolph F. Bandelier's trilogy on the mode of warfare, land tenure, and social organization of the Aztecs, and T. T. Waterman's by now almost equally classic "Bandelier's Contribution" surely need not be dwelt on here, but special attention may be drawn to a few items of specific relevance, for example: the ten volumes to date of the journal *Ethnohistory*, published since 1954 at Bloomington; the fourteen volumes of *The Papers of Sir William Johnson*, edited by James Sullivan *et al.*, published since 1921 at Albany; Wilbur R. Jacobs, *Diplomacy and Indian Gifts* (Stanford, 1950); Roy Harvey Pearce, *The Savages of America: A Study of the Indian and the Idea of Civilization* (Baltimore, 1953); A. Irving Hallowell, "The Impact of the Indian on American Culture," *American Anthropologist*, Vol. LIX (Menasha, Wisconsin, 1957). Gilbert Chinard, *L'Exotisme Américain dans la Littérature Française au XVIe Siècle* (Paris, 1911), and several related subsequent works by Chinard, by Pierre Jourda, and by Geoffroy Atkinson, who is cited in the preceding text, are all superior, or seem so to me, to similar studies of the Indian image in English and American literature. A *Program of the History of American Indians*, presented as vols. VII and VIII of the Pan American Union's Social Science Monographs (Washington, 1960), is a bare indication of the magnitude of the task described in the title, and its magnitude is appalling. The 1957 symposium sponsored by the Institute of Early American

History and Culture at Williamsburg, Virginia, responsible for the bibliography mentioned at the beginning of this note produced two other papers apropos here, Wilcomb E. Washburn, "The Moral and Legal Justifications for Dispossessing the Indians," published in James Morton Smith (ed.), *Seventeenth-Century America* (Chapel Hill, 1959), and Nancy Oestreich Lurie, "Indian Cultural Adjustment to European Civilization," a portion of which was also published in *Seventeenth-Century America*. Herbert Eugene Bolton rather than Francis Parkman has been the great exception among ranking American historians, in my opinion, in bending a scrutiny of some seriousness on Indians, although to be sure a scrutiny chiefly of the Indian policies of Europeans rather than the Indian policies of Indians, as in the Preface to *Athanase de Mézières:* "... The history of the French and Spanish régimes in Texas and Louisiana is to a large extent the history of an Indian policy, in its various aspects. . . ."

A Western Diary *continued*

religionists cleared San Francisco on March 9, 1853, to reach Hong Kong near the end of April. The usual Mormon hope was to make converts from men who knew the language, then proceed as the Lord opened the way. In this instance, the Lord did not open the way. China was convulsed by war, and no other port was open. Late in June Stout took ship for return to San Francisco. He arrived two months later to hear that his wife and a child were dead. He got home in December 1853 to reflect sadly upon his three motherless children and on his three wives and seven children buried across the continent.

In the spring of 1854 Stout was sent to join the new Mormon colony in what was then Green River County, Utah, now Wyoming; and again his diary is a matchless source of information on a turbulent community centered upon the ferries, with its warring interests of Mormons, mountain men, and Indians. Stout returned to Great Salt Lake City in July, and settled down as a member of the central Mormon community as lawyer and legislator. The next three years were critical in Mormon history, as the Saints and the federal officials worked at cross-purposes. The more the Saints became embroiled with the law, the more important Stout and his recently acquired skills became, and correspondingly important become his diaries. No one can pretend hereafter to write with authority about this period without reference to Stout's record—and not merely to write but to understand.

Stout also participated in the handcart relief in the fall of 1856, and he saw active service in the Utah War a year later. He watched Johnston's army establish itself in Utah in the spring of 1858, and in 1859 defended the Mormon interests in the courts of Salt Lake City and Provo against the rampant new judiciary. He was called to help found St. George late in 1861 and lived in southern Utah until summoned back to practice law in 1866. There are no diaries for this period; as remarked before, only a slender record for the year 1869, which was nevertheless the year the Pacific Railroad was completed, a land office opened in Salt Lake City, and the Utah Central Railroad commenced—to mention just a few events duly noted in Stout's diary. We can regret that no diaries exist for the early 1870's when he, Brigham Young, Daniel H. Wells, and other Mormon dignitaries were indicted for various crimes by a new crusading judiciary. His last years were marked by poor health, and he lived in semiretirement.

I cannot imagine that anyone can have well-founded ideas about the Mormons and the West who is not, from now on, familiar with Stout's diaries. They are of that magnitude of importance. He was a cautious man, careful what he put into his diaries, conscious that they would some day be scrutinized by "the reader." This made for a conservative viewpoint and mode of expression, and much must be read between the lines. The diaries are also not a record to be read once and then viewed as fully assimilated. The more one knows, the more he can get out of Stout's record; they are a measure of one's ignorance not less than his knowledge. They are the stuff of history, both raw and refined; and they are one man's life closely recorded for fifteen consecutive years. That man and his life are worth pondering.

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WITH THIS ISSUE THE AMERICAN WEST TAKES OVER ITS OWN MANAGEMENT AND DISTRIBUTION AND EXTENDS HEARTY THANKS TO THE LANE MAGAZINE AND BOOK COMPANY FOR ESSENTIAL SUPPORT DURING THIS MAGAZINE'S FIRST CRITICAL YEAR

THE AMERICAN WEST, Retrospect and Prospect

The story of the Western History Association was told by Ray Billington in the very first issue of THE AMERICAN WEST: how a group of western history professionals and buffs conceived the idea to meet with others to share their interests, and how the idea grew in just three short years into the Western History Association. The organization was designed "to serve as a meeting ground for all persons interested in the North American West, whatever their occupations and however unusual their interests." Members were to include "historians, anthropologists, ethnohistorians, economists, sociologists, students of literature, and just plain western buffs who enjoy immersing themselves in the glamourous details of the pioneer past."

To further the objectives of the association and mirror the broad interests of its members, immediate plans were made to publish a quarterly magazine. The University of Utah offered to provide editorial offices and the services of A. R. Mortensen, C. Gregory Crampton, and Keith Eddington as editor, associate editor, and art director respectively. The intention and charge to the editor from the beginning was to provide sound, well-written history, in a beautiful format, to appeal to a broad spectrum of the intelligent public. At this point the magazine was a reality in its conception—scholarly yet exciting, readable material could be found, but how, how could this dream be translated into ink and paper and then delivered into the hands of the reader?

The answer came through the Lane Book Company, publishers of *Sunset* magazine, in Menlo Park, California, who caught the vision! They agreed to circularize for subscribers and handle the details of financing and distribution—which they have done for the past year. Without their professional know-how in finding people with interests in western American literature, the magazine would never have reached the thousands of readers who say, "It's the magazine we have been waiting for!"

In January 1965 The American West Publishing Company was organized to assume these responsibilities and to publish the magazine. Its headquarters are at 577 College Avenue, Palo Alto, California, where all of the functions formerly performed by Lane will be handled. Editorial offices will remain at the University of Utah while the Western History Association and the University continue as chief sponsors. These changes are accompanied by a warm glow of gratitude toward the entire Lane organization for invaluable help in this critical year of first beginnings.

A. R. Mortensen, editor

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versity of Illinois in Urbana, I had the opportunity of taking several western American history courses in work leading to my masters degree. One of these courses permitted me to research the lives of the women who followed the "Indian Fighting Army" in the thirty years after the Civil War.

I found their story to be a fascinating one. While several of the women wrote later of their experiences with the frontier army ("Libbie" Custer was only the most verbose—and by no means representative of her lot), no comprehensive social history has ever been devoted to them. Those few writers who have mentioned the army women have confined their remarks largely to some cursory observations about the existence of the officers' wives. Any good military man can tell you that then, as well as now, a vantage point from quarters on "officers' Row" affords a far different view (and viewpoint) than a look at the same garrison from the enlisted man's abode. In the days of the frontier army post, this latter area was known as "Soapsuds Row," because most of the wives of enlisted men had to do the company wash in order to follow their husbands. At Fort Sill, Indian Territory, one observer recalled that "east of the sewer outlet was 'Soapsuds Row,' which was a collection of huts, old tents, picket houses, and dugouts. In spite of strict regulations regarding post police, there was an air of squalor and dirt about the locality. Here lived the company laundresses, together with troops of shock-headed children, prowling curs, and scavenging chickens."

Obviously, these women, as well as the female servants of the officers' wives, helped to make up the "Army of the West." Largely unprovided for by Army Regulations, they nevertheless found ways to follow the drum. Whereas the unit histories of those regiments which served on the frontier frequently cite the name of almost every man who ever filled their ranks, the women of the frontier army posts suggest an ethereal "Lost Battalion" by their anonymity.

Along with so many other charter subscribers, I have been thrilled by the speed with which THE AMERICAN WEST has fulfilled the promises of its first prospectus.

John R. Sibbald, Libertyville, Illinois

I have thus far found it a true privilege to read each issue of THE AMERICAN WEST from cover to cover. I was delighted and deeply impressed to see the article which concerned itself with Negro cowboys, and I enjoyed very much C. Gregory Crampton's article entitled "Standing Up Country."

Would it be hoping for too much to expect to find in a future edition some space and scholarship allotted to the impact of the Mexican upon the formation and culture in the early American West?

It seems to me, working in Tucson as I do, that many wonderful customs and traditions in this part of the great Southwest can be traced to the Mexican cultural influence. I find it tragic that many of these traditions are falling into disuse, and even complete lack of understanding by the Mexican people themselves. Before too many direct participants in these interesting customs pass to their eternal reward, I would like to see additional scholarship devoted to this very interesting and worthwhile area of history.

Reverend Charles H. Rourke
Secretary, Tucson Youth Board

Some readers elaborate with stories. . . .

We thoroughly enjoyed the Jim Wardner story, so well told in your Fall issue by W. J. Granberg. Here are a couple of items from Wardner's Alaska days.

In 1901, Wardner was at Ketchikan, Alaska, attempting to promote another town. The item in full, is from the *Ketchikan Mining Journal* of March 9, 1901:

A NEW WARDNER CITY

J. F. Wardner, whose name is already borne by half a dozen towns of more or less size and importance has secured the Burnard homestead on Long Island in Kasaan Bay and is having it surveyed and platted as a townsite. A building to be occupied as an office by the townsite company is already in course of erection, and it is the intention to put lots on the market not later than April 1!

I have been able to learn nothing more about this venture, and it apparently faded very quickly. Kasaan Bay indents Prince of Wales Island a few miles west of Ketchikan. The second item cannot be pinned down as to date, but was reported from Dawson during the early Klondike years:

Wardner, dead broke, went into a saloon one day and told the bartender, "I'll furnish the eggs if you'll provide the liquor and we'll have a really good eggnog." The bartender agreed since eggs were then selling for a dollar apiece in Dawson. Wardner went across the street to a grocery store and told the proprietor, "If you'll furnish the eggs, I'll provide the liquor and we'll have a good eggnog." Liquor was almost as expensive as eggs, and the grocer agreed. The bartender mixed the eggnog, and about the time Wardner had finished a good share of it, the grocer was struck by an idea. "I put up the eggs and Bill here furnished the liquor. What I want to know is, where did you come into the deal?"

"Oh," said Jim. "I'm the promoter."

R. N. De Armond, Juneau, Alaska

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Trifling with the Sea—below the
Cliff House (San Francisco)
in the merry month of May,
in the age of the bonnet,
in the year of the Earthquake.

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